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THE SLAVEHOLDER'S ADDRESS TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! Thou art not bigger
Than is the diamond in my ring,
Yet every black, star-gazing nigger
Looks at thee as at some great thing!
Yes, gazes at thee, till the lazy
And thankless rascal is half crazy.

Some Quaker scoundrel must have told 'em,
That if they take their flight tow'rd thee,
They'll get where masas cannot hold 'em,
And therefore to the North they flee.
Fools! to be led off where they can't earn
Their living by thy lying lantern.

Thou'rt a cold water star, I reckon,
Altho' I've never seen thee, yet,
When to the bath thy sisters beckon,
Get e'en thy golden sandals wet;
Nor in the wave have known thee dip,
In our hot nights, thy finger's tip.

If thou would'st, nightly, leave the Pole
To enjoy a regular ablution
In the North Sea or Symmes' Hole,—
Our Patriarchal Institution,
From which thou givest many a ransom,
Would, doubtless, give thee something handsome.

Altho' thou'rt a cold water star,
As I have said (I think) already,
Thou'rt hailed by many a tipsy tar,
Who loves thee, just because thou'rt steady
And hold'st the candle for the rover
When he is more than "half seas over."

But while Ham's seed, our land to bless,
Increase and multiply like rabbits,
We like thee, Yankee Star! the less
For thy bright eye and steady habits.
Pray waltz with Venus, Star of Love,
Or take a bout with reeling Jove!

Thou art an abolition star,
And to my wench will shine if her
Dark eye should find thee, ere the car
Of our slave-catching "Lucifer,
Son of the morning," upward rolls,
And with its light puts out the Pole's.

On our field-hands thou lookest, too,
A sort of nightly overseer;
Can'st find no other work to do?
I tell thee thou'rt not wanted here;
So, pray, shine only on the oceans,
Thou number one of "Northern Notions."

"Put out that light!" exclaimed the Moor,
(I think they called his name Othello),
When opening his wife's chamber door
To cut her throat—the noble fellow—
Noblest of all the nigger nation,
File leader in Amalgamation!

"Put out that light!"—and so say I.
Could I quench thee, thou flaming minister!
No longer in the northern sky,
Should burn thy beacon fire so sinister.
North Star! thy light's unwelcome—very!
We'll vote thee, an incendiary!

And to the Northern States we'll write,
And tell them not to let thee shine,
(Excepting of a cloudy night)
Anywhere South of Dixon's line;
If beyond that thou shine an inch,
We'll have thee up before Judge Lynch.

And when, thou Abolition Star!
Who preachest Freedom in all weathers,
Thou hast got on thy coat of tar,
And, over that, a cloak of feathers,
That thou art fixed none will deny,
If there's a fixed star in the sky.

—*Rev. John Pierpont.*

THE MAGNETIC PORTRAITS.

BY WILLIAM NORTH.

CHAPTER III.

I traversed all Northern Germany, and could hear no certain tidings of the Professor. I saw the face of my Elora grew paler and paler in the mirror, though the reflection was as vivid as ever, and she wrote me letter after letter, announcing her unalterable resolution to remain single, until I laid at her feet the counterparts of the miraculous portraits.

At length, one night, I arrived at Hamburg. The city was in flames. In the midst of the blazing turmoil, a tall man, looking coolly at the conflagration, arrested my attention. It was Ariovistus Dunkelheim. In an instant I was at his side, I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and mentally regarded him as my prisoner.

"You escape not from me," I murmured inwardly, "till my demand be satisfied."

"Ah! how are you, my good sir?" said the Professor, easily, "you have had stormy times of it since I last saw you, unless I am much mistaken?"

The coolness of the man disconcerted me. I imitated his conventional tone.

"Was my portrait a successful one?" said I, carelessly.

"Very," replied the Professor, "not a day passed but that I amused myself by watching its curious variations, as well as those of the young lady's features. She is certainly pretty. Had you not stood in the way, I would have made her Madame Dunkelheim. I class those two portraits amongst the best of my specimens. Indeed, they are great curiosities in their way, for you must know that it is not every face that can be fixed by the magnetic process, as the pyrolumineous rays from the great mass of human bodies are comparatively feeble and scarcely capable of affecting a metallic surface, however sensitive. I would not part with those specimens for ten thousand dollars," concluded the Professor, as I thought, with vindictive emphasis, and a look of fiend-like penetration.

"Yet I hope," said I, with a painfully affected good humor, "that you will take something less, when no metaphor but actual business is in question. The fact is, I wish to purchase those portraits."

"*Why?*" said the Professor, with a look of impenetrable audacity.

"I wish to present them to some friends," was my equivocating answer.

"I can make you copies," said the Professor, readily.

"I particularly wish to have the originals."

"Very good; I can take copies for myself," said Dunkelheim. "There is no perceptible or intrinsic difference between the two."

"I must request you, as a particular favor, *not* to take copies; the truth is, I do not wish any stranger to possess my portrait."

"Your living spectrum, say, rather," responded the Professor. "Ah! I understand, the idea of being made the subject of scientific observation, makes you and that pretty girl you introduced to me a little nervous. I wonder a man of your intellect can be so weak. Why, let me see, did you not write the philosophic essay on *Spiritual Fortitude* and *Indifferentism to Phenomena*, in our last number of the *Metaphysical Review*? I despise Metaphysics as a science, but I always read the *Review*, for the fun of the thing. Come, come, my dear sir, do not think of robbing me of the best specimens in my collection from a mere fanciful fastidiousness. I really cannot spare them!"

"Devil of a Professor!" said I fiercely. "I do not ask you a favor; I offer you a choice; give up those infernal specimens, as you call them, of your accursed science, or die at once by my hand!" and I showed the Professor the barrel of a pistol, concealed beneath the loose sleeeve of my great coat.

"The fact is, I have given away your portraits," said Dunkelheim with apparent trepidation.

"To whom? villain!"

"To the Royal Society in London."

Even while I paused for a moment, staggered by the awful notion of being the subject of a learned society's criticism, the professor slipped from my grasp, and disappeared in the crowd.

I sought him in vain. A moment's recollection of his discourse showed me that his last statement must have been a mere *ruse* to escape. Nevertheless, I wrote to the Secretary of the Royal Society on the subject. But no Professor Ariovistus Dunkelheim had ever been heard of in London.

I went home, and gazed upon Elora.

CHAPTER IV.

I came to a sudden resolution.

I took writing materials, and wrote thus:—

"ELORA, my adored girl! the pursuit of this devilish Professor is the occupation of a life. I am resolved to abandon it and life together, rather than suffer any longer the torments which I now hourly endure. There is but one alternative. Angel of love and beauty, save your

ERNEST."

Elora's answer was brief, but decisive:—

"DEAR ERNEST—Come! ELORA."

I departed for Berlin on the wings of passion and hope. For the time, I almost forgot the Professor.

We were married.

Elora was now mine. She realized in every respect my ideal of a woman. Her soul and her beauty were divine. Her fascinations were inexhaustible in their variety. But a spectre haunted us—an invisible basilisk withered our delights—an unseen hand dropped bitterness into our cup of ecstacy. The Professor—the abhorred Professor—was ever with us. Night and day, his terrible green eyes were upon us. They haunted us even in our dreams.

It was in Elora, however, that this fantastic horror became most painfully developed. My sterner manhood had developed a sort of defiant wrath, which exhaled itself in visions of revenge. Far otherwise was it with my bride. On our wedding night, Elora fainted, after exclaiming, "*The Portraits!*" in a tone of indescribable emotion. Frequently, she would start from my embrace, with the bitter exclamation:

"He sees us!"

"Let him see and envy!" once I exclaimed, with a wild attempt to turn the object of our loathing into ridicule.

"Oh, Ernest!" said Elora, sadly.

"Well, my sweet Elora, what now!"

"Were I *mad!*" said Elora, bitterly.

"He shall die!" I exclaimed, starting up from my seat, and pacing the apartment with insane rapidity. "D—n him forever! He dies!"

CHAPTER V.

At length, after twelve months of vain inquiry and fruitless travel, I one night, quite accidentally, met the Professor Ariovistus Dunkelheim on the *Pont National*, at Paris.

He made no attempt to evade me, but said, in his usual easy tone:

"Unless I am much mistaken, you are disposed to murder me?"

"You have rightly divined my intention, Professor," said I deliberately.

"It is unnecessary," rejoined Dunkelheim, with a sneer; "I am tired of studying the physiognomies of a couple of frightened turtle doves. I am ready to give you up my copies for the mere cost of the metal."

"I thought you had given them to the Royal Society?"

The Professor laughed.

I also laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" said Dunkelheim, with his usual abrupt assurance.

"Because you are a fool!"

The Professor became scarlet, as I could observe even by the light of a gas lamp. He gave me a look of intense and unquenchable hatred.

"I have made some discoveries in science," said he, scornfully, as if in answer to my retort: "I have also gained some thousands of dollars by my discoveries"

"You have lost your life by one of your discoveries, yet you have had daily warning for the last twelve months. You read my design, it is true, in the expression of my features, but you did not read its stern immutability. I will trust you no more; you may give me the portraits and yet retain copies; you may deceive or elude me in a thousand ways; you may retaliate upon me throughout my life, for there dwells in you a malignant spirit—the abuser of power."

"Of supernatural power!" said the Professor, loftily and threateningly.

"No power is supernatural, for there is nothing beyond nature," I answered, coldly. "Prepare yourself for the death-struggle!"

And, before the Professor could utter a cry for assistance my hand was on his throat. A terrific contest ensued, for my enemy was a man of great strength and activity. But my first gripe had decided the result, and in a few minutes I had hurled the insensible body of Dunkelheim over the parapet of the bridge. It fell with a splash into the water, and I returned unobserved to my hotel.

Such things often take place in Paris. I went a few days after to the *Morgue*, and recognized the body of my former persecutor. I found out his residence, and when his effects were sold by auction, I purchased for a few francs the two plates of metal which had been the cause of so much suffering, and of so fearful a catastrophe. The auctioneer happened to have turned them with the faces downwards, and was ignorant of their peculiar properties.

It was only when I presented them to Elora that I told her how I had killed the Professor.

"I share the crime!" said Elora, proudly. "Henceforward we are at least our own masters, and not puppets, acting for the amusement of a detestable old necromancer!"

"Yes," I exclaimed, "henceforward we are free!" and I clasped my beautiful Elora to my heart for the first time without reserve.

But still, at times, the phantom of the murdered Professor, with his cold, green eyes, will haunt our fancies. I take some credit to myself for having the candor to acknowledge myself a murderer.

It is not my fault that I am not miserable and full of remorse. Elora is so lovely that, if she were to insist upon it, I verily believe I should murder another professor to-morrow!

THE RIGHT OF SPEECH.

The right of speech—it is the right of rights—the paramount and paragon attribute of our kind. It is glorious among the brutes, when it is free. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert. Not so, when he grunts under the stir of the poker, in the menagerie. The scream of the eagle in the sky—or on the crag, where he lives and has his home—how unlike his most base croak, when they withhold his allowance in the cage that you may hear him make a noise. The one is free speech, in "free meeting." The other, speech-making, under chairs, boards, and business committees. How different the wild note of the fife-bird, in the top of the high pine, when the setting sun awakens her throat after a shower,—how different, from the chitter of the poor caged canary, in the pent-up street of the city. But illustration fails. The glory and beauty of freedom cannot be illustrated. It must be witnessed experienced, and felt.

Speech is the only terror of tyrants. It is the thing they cannot control or encounter. Brute force has no tendency to match it. "Four hostile presses," said Bonaparte—the most formidable brute the modern world has seen—"are more to be dreaded, than a hundred thousand bayonets." So, he might have said, is *one* hostile press,—if it is free. And if it is free, it will be hostile to tyranny. It is as hostile to "Boards," as it is to bayonets, and as formidable. It is "the king of terrors" to both. The Board has nothing to oppose to it, but the bayonet. The bayonet is the Board's argument,—and only argument. A Board without a bayonet, is a hornet without a sting—or a toothless hound. But it will try to worry and bark down free speech, if it cannot bite. And as the bayonet is the Board's only argument, so only Boards ever wield that ugly and hateful implement. Individuality never can hold or maintain it. The individual can resort only to the truth.

"Stop his mouth!" cries alarmed and exasperated tyranny. Stifle his outcry! Mankind will hear him! Shut him up, where he cannot be *heard!* Let his dungeon be deep and his walls thick,—not so much to keep him, as to keep him from being *heard!* I must not hear him, myself. "It disturbs my tranquility." Keep him *alone!*

It is the uttered word, that awakens the dead and that moves mankind. Words are the storm that "awakens its deep." Words revolutionize society and nations, and change human condition. They bring those "changes," the "fear" of which "perplexes monarchs." Monarchy builds its bastiles to imprison them. It crowds them amid the silence of the people, and it is only Speech that can throw them down. The bastile of France, that fell at the outbreak of hot [illegible]—it was not artillery that [illegible] but they were shaken down by the [illegible] earthquake of the voice of the people, and had France known the power of that voice, she would have shaken down with it every throne in Europe. But she [illegible] not, and it failed. It failed even in [illegible]

[illegible] strongest hand that ever grasped it to [illegible] the world. It failed, and France in [illegible] chains. Kings build their bastiles against [illegible] hordes, for the imprisonment of the [illegible] but they have to build them in a different style of architecture than the old Gothic, for [illegible] the sight of that would awaken upon the [illegible] vision.

[illegible] Bonaparte himself, with a wall around him [illegible] a million of bayonets, trembled at the [illegible] breath of free speech. The creature sued [illegible] the libel in the English Courts. At a time [illegible] when he was at war with her—when the press [illegible] stood dismayed at his threatened descent upon her,—when he hovered with his dreaded Marshals on the edge of the British Channel, the English Common Pleas was resounding with the call of the Crier, to "John Smith, to come into Court and answer to the complaint of Napoleon Bonaparte, or his default will be recorded." The Emperor had no confidence at all in his terrible Marshals,—nor in the armies of Italy and of Egypt—so long as free speech could libel him with impunity in the coffee-houses of London. And did it strike anybody as ludicrous, that Bonaparte should be scared at a libel? Not at all. His folly was, that he sought to defeat it by a lawsuit. Had he been a man, he would have sent an article against the libeler, to the British Press. He did not dare to. He was a tyrant—the truth was against him,—free speech was uttering it—it scared him, and he stupidly went to law. I forget whether he got the case!

To come nearer home, and to the fields of moral strife. Corporation is the same coward and tyrant-foe of free speech, in the chair—the board—the business committee, as in the camps and courts of kings; and free speech, the bane and terror of corporation in all its forms. Its motto and banner-words,—No Committees—nor commitment. No Boards, on which to lay humanity out, for a living burial. Association—but of associate individuals—whole individuals—unabated and undiluted. Concert of action—but of individual, personal action—where no combination can bring upon individual freedom, the wizard spell of the majority—where that monstrosity is not known—where unfelt and unacknowledged, is the influence of members and the authority of names—where are no great men—no leaders; that sends out its great truths backed up by no external or intrinsic force, to make their own way to the free and [illegible] heart of the people.—*Nathaniel Peabody Rogers.*

A CHAPTER ON ANGLING.

"A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast," and a contented mind, *as* a continual feast, is the peculiar provender of the brotherhood of the angle. I have been living on contentment for the past week—with a few trifling exceptions—and as the good nature and liberality of anglers are world-famous, I propose in this letter to diffuse a little of the article among my readers.

It is well to premise that I am a mere dabster in the "gentle art." My experience in the way of fish-books is of a limited character. I have not yet overcome the difficulty of catching myself, before essaying the fish. I am invariably the first hooked and the last. Until my line is fairly in the water, I experience no personal security, and when I get a bite, I must confess that it is not unattended with personal apprehension. There is an impossible amount of science required in pulling out a big fish, which rather distresses me. It is perhaps an open question whether I catch the fish, or the fish catches me, inasmuch as the former, as a general thing, regains his liberty quicker than I regain mine. The theory of angling reduces itself to this formula: 1st. Extracting the hooks from the tail of your coat, where, by a perversity of their crooked nature, they invariably fix themselves; 2d. Untying impossible knots in running tackle; 3d. Rescuing the said running tackle from the loving embrace of six foot weeds; 4th. Trying to catch a fish; 5th. Trying hard to catch a fish; 6th. Managing a bite; 7th. Catching a fish; 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. Losing him.

This lake has some reputation for its fishing. If the natives are to be believed, everything that ever swam can be caught in it. You ask if there are any trout; the answer is, "Not hereabouts, but plenty a few miles down." The same with salmon; you have only to get into deep water (wherever that may be) and you can pull 'em up every two or three seconds. I intend to inquire if any whales have been seen taken here lately, and fully expect the answer will be, "Not here, but plenty a few miles down the lake." There is one great advantage in this invariable answer. If you should happen to have a bad day's sport, it is easily accounted for—you haven't been far enough down the lake.

There is, I fancy, plenty of fish to be caught, if one can can only take them while they are in the humor—a difficult thing to do. Beau of a large size are continually being talked about. I myself have bragged about a bass weighing four pounds to every one who was not in the secret. An ambitious and unscrupulous native has recently raised his weight a pound, so that for the honor of New York, my next quotation must be six pounds.

The most perfectly distracting occupation I have ever attempted is catching the baits. Grasshoppers are used here nearly exclusively. They abound amongst the high grass everywhere, but abound most plentifully in the churchyard. Thither I went with a tin box, a pair of spectacles, and a superabundant faith in my own [illegible] The process of catching a grasshopper [illegible] the unfamiliar and flippant a trivial matter. But I, sir, who have undergone it, am prepared to pronounce it one of the most absorbing and intense occupations in the world. Any one can dig a worm. You have but to turn up the soil and grasp the object of your research; it may squirm more or less, but it cannot get away. But with a grasshopper it is entirely different. We have to contend with a power—the power of locomotion—and in addition to that, an intellectual force which will not be coerced, and loves freedom.

The way I secured a few grasshoppers was this:—Having wiped my spectacles so as to secure a good vision, I crept stealthily into the high grass. Immediately twenty or thirty grasshoppers darted upward in as many directions. By the time I had considered which one to pursue, they had all disappeared. Another step or two produced a similar result, but instead of reflecting this time, I surrendered myself to instinct, and followed him who first caught my eye. Now it is not easy to follow a grasshopper, for he dives into deep places where you cannot find him, unless you have been accustomed to extract a needle from the historical bundle of hay; and he possesses also the happy faculty of changing his location the moment he thinks it insecure. With the best of intentions, however, you creep up to the spot where you saw him alight;—sure enough he *is* there, running along a blade of grass; in the face of such an encouraging fact you bend your fingers into a good grasping position, and make a grab; you perceive at the same instant that a grasshopper has made a bolt, but faith being strong in the human breast, you do not apprehend that it is *yours*. So rising slowly into an upright and rather proud position, you begin to draw out threads of grass one by one, firmly persuaded that the residuum will be a grasshopper. Presently the idea occurs to you that if such were the case, your captive, being gifted with very strong hind legs, would surely use them. A cloud of suspicion crosses your brow, and you determine at any sacrifice to investigate the truth. With heroic intention you slowly unbend your fingers, and at the last critical stage, when thought is suspended by the very breathlessness of expectation, you discover that you have seized—a stinging nettle.

For an hour or two I prowled about the churchyard, making desperate grabs at everything which bore the remotest semblance to what I wanted. If your fancy can picture Guy Fawkes in spectacles, with a tin canister in his hand instead of a lantern, you will realize your correspondent in his arduous occupation. After a while industry was rewarded—for, during the day, I succeeded in catching at least half a dozen grasshoppers. This comparative wealth was not unattended with trials and tribulations, for every addition I made to it exposed me to the risk of ruin. You must know, Sir, that the aperture to the tin canister was of a fatal size, imperfectly barricaded with a knot of paper. Like the gates of a citadel, it was much easier for the inhabitants to march out than for a stranger to march in; and so when I had an addition to the general population, consisting of one, I generally experienced a desertion, consisting of two—so, that, in the long run, it was not my interest to hunt grasshoppers for more than an hour at a time. If I continued the occupation for a long period, I worked steadily backward to the point whence I started.

I believe I am a very earnest sportsman, but I confess the tranquility of catching nothing surpasses, in my estimation, the excitement of catching one, beyond which number it is not easy to progress. Why should I be expected to pull out fish every time one bites? Why convert a delightful contemplative pastime into a laborious occupation? It better suits my idiosyncrasy to sit with the line in my hand, and *know* there is a fish at the end—to pull it up occasionally—not cruelly, with intention of breaking its jaw by extracting the hook, but fondly, as something that belongs to myself, than to log him to the shore. And if the little beggar should happen to get away—as I confess the little beggar very often does—I philosophize on the instability of piscatorial riches, and fling another grasshopper to the Fates, with a contented mind and a virtuous resignation. But to pull up my line every time an erratic perch or greedy bass chooses to seize the bait, would be work, Sir; and I came down to play—not to work.

Next to the passion for angling, the strongest in my nature is gunning. I have had some sport here lately in the wild duck way.—*C. C. B. Seymour in the N. Y. Times.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

It is strange that the people of these United States understand so little of the proper form, proportion of size, number of stripes, even of their own national flag, the glorious "Star Spangled Banner." The standard of the army is fixed at six feet six inches by four feet four inches; the number of stripes is thirteen, viz: seven red and six white. It will be perceived that the flag is just one-half longer than it is broad, and that its proportions are perfect when properly carried out. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and so down alternately, which makes the last red. The blue "field" for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz: four red and three white. These stripes extend from the side of the "field" to the extremity of the flag. The next stripe is white extending the entire length of it, and directly under the field in strong and pleasing relief, then follow the remaining stripes alternately. The number of stars on the field is now thirty-one, and the army and navy immediately add another star on the admission of a new State in our glorious Union.

GREELEY *vs.* CUSHING.

The old-fashioned notion of an Agricultural Address was that it should be of fat oxen, cereals, butter and cheese, of swine, ploughing and draining, of the subjugation of the soil and of the economy of the household, of muck and of the alternation of crops. The Honorable Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, in the State of Massachusetts, who understands everything a great deal better than the rest of mankind can possibly understand it, has allowed himself to be swayed by no conventional notions, by no large and by no small potatoe theory upon this point. The Honorable Caleb Cushing has been to Richmond, Va., to deliver an Agricultural Address, and has, after his own fashion, delivered an Address about the Mantchoos, the Chinese, the Mongols, the Hindoos, the Arabs, and the Berbers, the Teutons, the Celts, the Scandinavians, the Tudors, the Calvinists, the Fifth Monarchy men, Plato, Cicero, John Locke, the Sierra Indians, Oliver Cromwell, and the Stuarts, but not one word about oats, peas, beans, and barley—no! not one word about even tobacco, whether fine-cut or plug.

That is the way in which the unusual intellect of Caleb invariably develops itself. He always gives to the people some superfine commodity which they do not want. He puts lace upon all his bogs. At a horse show he would talk about the Centaur; over a cowyard, of Bion and the bulls of Bashan; in a prize potato-field, of Sir Walter Raleigh; while to an assembly of hard-fisted yeoman he would quote the Georgics of Virgil until the audience gaped itself into general jaw dislocations. He was unusually profound, learned, discursive, noble, and pretty, at Richmond, last Thursday, but he was most dismally and indubitably unagricultural. He touched upon gunpowder, the mariner's compass, photography, and optics—he even paid his kind respects to algebra and the fluxional calculus; he aired his exhaustive ethnological science—but the poor pigs, the neglected horses, the slighted steers, were left to themselves, while Caleb exclaimed, in pathetic tones and words damp with his tears, "Oh, man! art thou, indeed, man the created; or art thou not rather the creator, God?" We have heard of a gentleman who, in the secrecy of private life, was afflicted with doubts upon this very point, and the dilation and contraction of the unhappy person, as now he and now Divinity got uppermost in his imagination, were truly afflicting. But this poor wretch was hushed up by his friends, and was not allowed to exhibit himself under a Virginia sun or any other sun, upon a Virginia platform or on any other platform. We are benevolent, and hasten to relieve Mr. Cushing from this lacerating doubt. He is not the Creator—he is only Caleb. A very great Caleb—perhaps the greatest Caleb out of jail—but not the Creator. So that, so far as the sage of Newburyport is concerned, he may consider the question settled.

The defender of Mr. Cushing may naturally reply that in Virginia, where nothing is specially raised, except negroes, it would have been improper for him to have indulged in dirty disquisitions upon the dirty cultivation of dirty acres. But then, Mr. Cushing should have selected some other subject—obstetrics, for instance, in connection with the Internal Slave-Trade. He complains that the people of the United States are too much given up to politics, and then proceeds to administer a fillip to the political proclivities of the Virginians, rubbing them up and rubbing them down; sticking sharp pins in the tender parts of their constitutions; exciting their irascibilities, already sufficiently fervid, against Northern books, Northern schools, and Northern newspapers; feeding them by the bellyful with "political abstractions and recondite supposable questions of public law," and then bidding them void the same as soon as possible. What an inconsistent, though brilliant Caleb! He should have been a little practical as well as theoretical. It would have been better for him to have worked a patent churn before the audience for an hour without saying a word, after which he might have gallantly presented pats of butter, stamped with a heart, to the ladies present.

Our main trouble is stated by Mr. Cushing with as much preciseness as if he were a member of the College of Surgeons. He is quite the Harvey of politics. That we want blooding is the natural opinion of a General who never saw any blood shed, at least never on the embattled field. We have, says Dr. Caleb, "A surplus of vigor, and an exuberance of vitality—an overfulness, a *trop plein* of the junction of individual and social existence." "We must phlebotomize," says Dr. Caleb. We must invade Mexico. We must, so to speak, breathe a national vein. We must keep down the exuberance. That is, the political exuberance. The other kind, which prompts us to steal our neighbor's land, to bombard our neighbor's city, to slaughter our neighbor's wife and children, Dr. Cushing regards with the smug complacency of a Sangrado. He uses all his best words, monosyllabic and polysyllabic—he employs all the arts of rhetoric of which he is master—he hints at enormities which he dare not avow, and he avows enormities from which other men would shrink—he advocates a theory which would first make us thieves in the abstract, and then thieves in the concrete—he is as blood-thirsty as a jackal, and as cruel as a tiger, and all in the name of God, Civilization, and Human Progress—to convince us that we cannot be safe and happy without being robbers and murderers. No philosopher of the Mountain ever dabbled his sleek, white hands in human gore with a greater relish. And this was at an agricultural fair—at a feast of that goddess who shrinks and cowers when the tocsin of war is sounded, and who weeps after every

battle, her desolated fields, her withered harvests, her ravaged plantations, her seared and scorched and blighted orchards and vineyards, her smoldering hamlets, and her decimated yeomanry! This was the doctrine smilingly propounded to Men of Peace as the secret of National Prosperity! They may have been solemn enough at Richmond, but if there was not at such enunciations of belief in Christian America a broad grin in a certain other place, then, busy as the devil always is, he was busier than usual. Such Agricultural Addresses are a swindle, and a swindle of the lowest, the most dangerous, the most demoralizing, description; and if the United States agriculturists cannot secure more pertinent orations than this, they had better organize a battalion for Genl. Wm. Walker, beat their ploughshares into swords, and their pruning hooks into spears, and go to war, with Genl. Cushing at their head or tail, as the rustic regiment may vote.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For the Saturday Press.

MY EAST AND WEST.

I.

I'm jealous as a churl
Of a girl
Down East, and [illegible] here's to her!
And yet I can't forget
Another girl I met
Out in Iowa.

II.

O! which, dears, shall I woo
Of you two?
One the brightest, one the best,
One tall, one short and sweet,
One dull, one hard to beat,
One East, one West.

III.

Now I love you both, dear girls,
Precious pearls;
Then give me each a shake!
You East shall cheer my life:
You West shall be my wife,
And no mistake!

A. B. T.

The Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1.

The Shadow on the Wall. A Poem, by H. Clapp, Jr.
The Living Corpse. By William North.
A Psalm of Life. By Broadfellow.
Adam's Fall, or the First Marriage. A Poem.
George Sand.
A Very Pretty Quarrel as it stands.
The Great Fight.
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Dramatic Feuilleton, by Fitz James O'Brien.
The Magazines and their Contents.
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Literary Items.

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The Last Poet. A Poem, by Rev. N. L. Frothingham.
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Dramatic Feuilleton, by Fitz James O'Brien.
From Day to Day.
Chess Department.
Literary Items.

A few copies of Nos. 1 and 2 of the Saturday Press may be obtained at Brentano's News Depot, No. 600 Broadway, corner of Houston street, and at the office of publication, No. 9 Spruce street.

Advertisements for the Saturday Press should be sent in every week before Thursday noon.

The Saturday Press will be delivered to regular subscribers early on Friday evening.

"Franklin" is respectfully informed that if our friends in Cincinnati or elsewhere choose to form clubs for the sake of having their papers sent to them in one parcel, they, of course, are at liberty to do so, and we will cheerfully comply with the arrangement; but as for making any reduction whatever in price, we regret to say that we must decline. If the Saturday Press is not worth $2 a year, it is not worth anything.

In reply to "Clericus," we have the honor to state that the Saturday Press will *not* be sent to clergymen (nor to anybody else) either gratis, at half price, or on any other than the usual terms.

Our up-town agents for receiving subscriptions to the Saturday Press are Messrs. Miller, Mathews & Clasback, Booksellers, No. 757 Broadway.

Correspondents are particularly requested to make their communications as brief as possible. All allusions to our "valuable paper" are supererogatory; neither the editors nor the readers of the Saturday Press need to be informed on that point; the former believe that it is a "valuable paper," and the latter know that it is. In a word, our correspondents must do up their epistolary toadying when they are writing for journals which exact and require it. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We observe that several of our contemporaries,—among others the *N. Y. Tribune*, the *N. Y. Times*, the *Sunday Courier*, the *Boston Transcript*, and the *Cleveland Plaindealer*,—have spoken of the Saturday Press in terms of commendation. To what of sincerity and good will there is in these notices we trust we are not wholly indifferent. But, to speak frankly, we could have wished that in the spirit of true criticism, —and, we may add, of true friendship—they had called attention, while speaking of our journal, to some of its manifest and manifold defects. The very novelty of such a course would have been refreshing; besides, those who expose our faults do us an essential service, while those who merely give us a "Puff" (how we detest that word), do us a positive, though we hope unintentional injury.

Again, we trust we shall not be accused either of ingratitude or of jealousy, when we say, as we do most distinctly, that praise from papers which are equally ready to laud the first vulgar and flashy journal that comes along, is not an honor which we at all covet. Furthermore, nothing is more humiliating than to receive favors which one cannot reciprocate; and we may as well announce, once for all, that we shall never adopt the policy of indiscriminate praise. For example, in literary matters, we shall not take for granted that because a book is published by the Appletons, that it must therefore of necessity be a good book; for although it would be difficult to find a more excellent list of publications than those of this highly respectable (perhaps a shade too respectable) house, it has even now in course of publication a work which has painfully exercised our sympathies both for the ill-paid writers who compiled it, and the unfortunate victims who subscribed to it. We refer, of course, to "the New American Encyclopedia," which, although it is edited by two gentlemen of at least respectable scholarship, and has been puffed almost as much as Miss Peck's "*Nothing to Wear*," or Mr. Gleason's "*Line of Battle Ship*," is nevertheless admitted by competent judges, on both sides of the Atlantic, to be a miserable failure. In a word, when the Appletons, or any other firm publish what seems to us to be a stupid work—and, especially, as in the case just mentioned, an execrable one—we shall say so, if for no other reason, that our praise may have some weight when we come to speak of such works as have given to them so high and so deserved a reputation.

And so in respect to authors; we shall by no means assume that because a poem is written by Longfellow, or a history by Bancroft (whose History of the United States we will say, right here, is far inferior in every respect to Hildreth's), or an essay by Emerson, or a book of travels by Bayard Taylor, that therefore, and in the nature of things the work is a good one; for there is not one of these authors who has not in his day written a great deal of trash, which it is a constant mortification to him (if he be a sensible man) to hear praised.

The same with all classes of artists; if we believe Piccolomini to be at best a second rate singer, which we do, we must undoubtedly say so, though Dublin bowl and Ullmann expel us from his synagogue. If we think, as we do, that Church's Niagara is at best a respectable kind of water-scape, touched off with a nice little bit of rainbow effect, and that, whatever the country editors may say to the contrary, it is not after all so *very* superior to the falls themselves; if we think that Hicks, though he has doubtless done very good things in his time, has nevertheless furnished, in his libel of Bayard Taylor, and his daub of Henry Ward Beecher, two as badly drawn and as wantonly colored portraits as ever disgraced the Academy of Design; why these things, too, we must say, though the idol-worshippers will doubtless think the world is coming to an end.

And we beg to state, here, that in our opinion, one reason of the comparatively low state of literature and art in this country, is that our leading authors and artists are, for the more part, such a thin-skinned generation, that a word of unfavorable criticism gives them mortal offence; accordingly they have so arranged matters (God and Mammon only know how), that whenever one of their productions appears, it is instantly not examined, not criticized, but outrageously *puffed*, in a style which would make Bonner or Barnum blush.

As for publishers, an unfavorable notice of one of their pet works, if it come from a public journal, brings down upon it threats, the insolence of which is equalled only by their impotence; while if you expose (as we intend to shortly) the many business tricks by which they defraud authors, enrich themselves, and swindle the public, they come down upon you (or threaten to) with an expensive law suit.

The sensitiveness to which we allude is not, unfortunately, confined to the classes abovementioned, but pervades the whole community, and is fast ripening into a national characteristic. In any country in Europe such a state of mind as is exhibited here when any one of our popular idols is spoken lightly of, would be considered—and very properly—a symptom of idiocy. Why, what public man in England has not been, we will not say criticized, but lampooned and caricatured in *Punch?* And what public man in France has not been served the same way in *Charivari*? Now do the people, or even the parties themselves, or their personal friends, make a row about it, and threaten to "stop their paper!" It would be amusing to see them try it.

Now it is just possible that the Saturday Press in ridiculing, satirizing, and in every possible way trifling with this national sensitiveness of ours, may not find more than eight or ten thousand readers in the whole country. But we entertain no such fear. All the indications are the other way. We hesitate not to say, that no journal in this country was ever hailed with so much enthusiasm by the independent and educated classes, as this same Saturday Press. Not because of its literary ability alone—which, fortunately, our contributors have placed beyond question,—but also, or rather *chiefly*, because of its manliness of tone, and its evident horror of shams. Already we have among our supporters (Heaven forbid that we ever have any patrons) some of the most distinguished names in the community—names which, if we were at liberty to publish them, would show that, after all, there are not wanting, among our most popular writers, among our most eminent clergymen, and among our most cultivated and successful lawyers and merchants, men of the greatest liberality of sentiment. They do not agree with us in all we have said, but they rejoice that we have had the pluck to say it, and urge us on no account to keep back any honest criticism, however severe, though it fall, as it doubtless sometimes will, on their own heads.

We have been warned by publishers that unless we adopt the puffing system, to which they have all got accustomed (as some people get accustomed to swill milk), we shall not get their advertisements. Well, if we can't have them except on these terms, we don't want them.

We have been warned by sectarians, that if we don't let the clergy alone, they will solemnly conspire to annihilate us, but we happen to know that the clergy, even if they possessed the power that is attributed to them (which they don't), are not such dunces as so to use it; and moreover, we can say, on good grounds, that the prospect now is that we shall have the support of all the clergy in New York whose support is worth having.

And, finally, we have been told, we know not how many times, and by how many persons, that we have no chance of success, unless we devote considerable space to politics. This, we believe, to be as stupid a blunder as could be made; for the probable truth is that there is scarcely an intelligent and conscientious man in New York, who is not completely disgusted with the very name of politics. Why our newspapers —our city newspapers especially—do not perceive this, we are at a loss to comprehend; perhaps "their eyes are holden that they cannot see." However this may be, if they suppose that any sensible person believes a word of what they say about political matters, they are wholly mistaken. The simple fact is that the party politicians of this country (it is hardly worth while to make exceptions after the developments of the last Winter, not to say the last week), are nothing more or less than a vast brotherhood of thieves, conspiring together to plunder the public purse; and to pretend that their wretched squabbles, with which most of our papers are filled, are of the least importance to any human being but themselves and their tools, is utterly absurd.

We might give a whole catalogue of other warnings that we have received (all based on the supposition that the public prefer that the newspaper press should be little more than a patent high premium double cylinder steam puffing machine), but we have already said twice as much as we intended to, and therefore may as well stop talking about "Ourselves," and (first assuring the public that we have not the least idea of changing our policy), proceed to attend to other and more important matters.

— An amiable writer in the *Evening Post*, apropos of Carpenter's portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, succeeds (though it must have required an effort which would have delighted Mrs. Chick, and might have saved Mrs. Dombey), in getting off the following:—

"Henry Ward Beecher stands kingly apart from other men, not so much for his head as for his heart. His emotional nature is gorgeous, tropical. *He thinks his feelings and feels his thoughts.* When he pleases he can be as logical and precise as any schoolman of them all; rouse him, and he can send forth his views and opinions, keen and cold, to pierce and wither, but he loves best to make them genial with the warmth of sympathy and affection; he would fain take every man into his fathomless heart; *this is his rarest and least understood characteristic. It is that which Carpenter has attempted to portray, and in which he has succeeded.*"

"TWO MILLIONS" AND "AQ[illegible]

We all remember the controversy [illegible] authorship of "Nothing to Wear," between the [illegible] lady who is understood to be the author of [illegible] bright and pleasant little book called "Aquarelles, or Summer Sketches," and the author of "Two Millions." Mr. Butler claims that the question has been settled in his favor, and prints his name upon the title-page of "Two Millions" as the author of "Nothing to Wear," and is so advertised by his publishers. Without wishing to revive the dispute, we would merely say that we do not think the discussion was characterized by the gallantry which is said to be a distinguishing trait of the American gentleman. There was nothing improbable in the lady's version of the affair. Before this, manuscripts have been lost and found. Mr. Butler as a lawyer should have known that the question was merely a balance of personal evidence. There was a pretty even weight of direct testimony on both sides. These two poems, coming as they do, together, and so soon after, seem put forward by their respective authors as evidence of their ability to have written "Nothing to Wear," and in this way to serve as a species of circumstantial evidence that they did write it. Curiously enough, the subject chosen by both is a satire upon the follies of fashion, and the vulgar pretensions of the "*nouveaux riches.*" "Two Millions" is a connected story of ninety-three pages, with very little plot, less variety of characters, and a total want of dramatic effect. The verse is the usual ten syllable one, the easiest that can be written, and the least excusable when faulty.

"If it had been instead a service of plate."
"Till he could marry her to some Bank Director."
"If there there had been a Building Association
For putting up and selling chateaux in Spain,"

may serve as specimens of the halting lines which are very frequent, while rhetoric, syntax, and construction, are often disregarded for the rhyme, without the justification of a fair exchange. "Aquarelles" is a collection of three satirical sketches, called Saratoga, Newport, and Sharon, written with perhaps too much haste, but evincing ability enough to amply repay the author's more careful attention to the niceties of versification. Firkin, the hero of "Two Millions," is a self-made merchant and note shaver.

"The portly figure, with its solvent air,
Proclaimed to all the world the millionaire
His purse and person, each at fullest length,
And even the higher law which he obeyed
With all his heart and soul, and mind and strength,
To love his maker, for he was self-made,"

is Mr. Butler's ungrammatical description of him. The hero of the first "Aquarelle" is described as—

"Old Johannes Joost,
For forty years content to roost
Upon an old farmyard paternal,
With plodding care and toil diurnal,
There, patient, tilled, just out of town
A kitchen garden of renown,"

until—

"The spreading town invades
And trespasses on rural shades:
Mapped out in streets his acres lie.
Now speculation seeks to buy;
And soon, without or skill or care
He finds himself a millionaire."

Which we think is a simple description of a sudden rise to wealth, in better rhythm and syntax than the other. The only attempt at dramatic effect in "Two Millions" is Firkin's resuscitation, but if brevity is the soul of wit, a denouement which keeps the unhappy Firkin in a sort of trance, and the unhappy reader, any thing but entranced, from page fifty-six to page eighty-three, cannot be called witty. Let the reader judge of its dramatic effect for himself, and at the same time, if he desires to make a comparison, let him read the third Aquarelle, called "Sharon."

Compare the following description of church-going in "Two Millions:"

"And yet he seemed devout; without much search,
You might have found on any Sunday morning,
His visible coach, outside the visible church,
With green and gold its sacred front adorning.
A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed with sherry,
A footman portly with perpetual dinners,
Waited, while Firkin in the sanctuary,
With many other 'miserable sinners,'
Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pews,
Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer, and psalter,
Rose with the music, looked with liberal views
On prima donnas never known to falter
In chant or solo, hymn, or anthem splendid,
And still enchanting when the chant was ended;
Then sat or knelt, grave as the altar bronzes,
And went through all the usual responses"—

with a description of the same ceremony in Aquarelles:

"See Sabadilla in her well-stuffed pew,
A saint and vestal to the outward view.
Perform with ready zeal each sacred right.
How sweetly good, how *gracefully contrite*
She heeds her book and never looks around,
And when at prayer quite grovels on the ground.
Who'd ever think, her saint-like face to scan,
She came to church to see a fav'rite man."

This description of the effect of sudden wealth on Johannes Joost, is much more concise and effective than the same thing in "Two Millions:"

"Now Mammon takes him by the hand
And changes all with magic wand:
Exposes to his wondering view
The world so long to him *perdu*;
Causes to vanish from his eyes
His home with all its humble joys,
And with it gladness and content,
For something more magnificent.
The Revelry of wealth he sees,
The world with all its fallacies:
Now brightly in his feverish dreams
The castles of ambition gleam;
The pomp and pride, and gilded show
That tickle mortals here below.
At 'vulgar folks' then turns a railer.
Changes his creed and eke his tailor,
Sets up his coach, his crest, his pew,
His palace in *the Avenue*;
Drops with a stern precipitation,
Old friend, acquaintance, and relation,
And soon all folks of taste admire
Jean de St. Just, vee Twist, Esquire."

His daughter shares his feelings:

"She, too, is smitten with the passion
To do all things quite in the fashion;
That none might ever doubt that she
Was of the best society."

There is nothing in "Two Millions" which we can compare to the following comments on the conversation of two young women of fashion:

"Thus they prate on, in rattling way,
The babbling nonsense of the day,
Of petty troubles, scandal, dress,
That make some women's happiness:
Retail, with zest each trifling news,
What Gossip says, what fashion does,
Encore with lively satisfaction
Each slanderous word, each harsh detraction;
Their jest—to give another pain;
Their highest hope—a season's reign;
That envious rivals may expire,
That fools may praise and fops admire."

The description of young Shadrach Smith is better conceived and better done than that of Rach[illegible] band in "Two Millions," while there is a [illegible] the following description of the toilette, [illegible] anything in that poem:

"Now entering bows Monsieur Toupet,
The standard artist of the day—
The great, unrivalled potentate,
Who reigns supreme o'er female pate;
Who, while he Miss manipulates,
Glibly the day's *on dits* relates,
Or whispers, with a gallant air,
Some lively flatt'ry in her ear.
The artist gone, before the glass
Miss studies out each skilful grace,
And if, perchance, her cheeks disclose
Too little semblance of the rose,
A dash of paint may well renew
Poor, feeble nature's waning hue.
'For this,' she says, 'is foreign—quite—
What's done in Paris must be right,
And once begun 'twill do no harm,
With a slight shade the eye to warm;
To give that soft, voluptuous leer
Men like so in a *Bayadère*.'"

On the whole, if Mr. Butler wrote "Two [illegible] justify his claim to the authorship of "[illegible] Wear," we don't think he has succeeded. "A[illegible] shows much more literary and poetic [illegible] "Two Millions," and if the author will [illegible] her evident facility at rhyming, and [illegible] careful in polishing her verse, she will be [illegible] duce something much better than any one [illegible]

A careful reading of the extracts we [illegible] or, still better, of the entire poems, will, [illegible] doubt, convince every candid man that, th[illegible] timony being equal, the balance of circum[illegible] dence, as to the authorship of "Nothing [illegible] decidedly in favor of the author of "Aqua[illegible]

—What game should a Glasgow b[illegible] eat of? Hop-Scotch.

"FROM NEW YORK TO DELHI"

Is the title of a book written by Mr. R. B. Minturn, Jr., and published by D. Appleton & Co. It evidently contains the impressions of an intelligent and educated man, during his journey to Delhi, touching at Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and passing some time in China, on his way to India. The record bears on its face the marks of being truthful, and that the narrator has actually been where he says he has, and has seen what he describes, a much higher merit in a book of travels than is usually supposed. The style is that of a simple, straightforward narrative, written by an intelligent man travelling on business, and in search of general information; such as would naturally be expected in a book, made up, as Mr. Minturn tells us, from materials "principally derived from letters intended only for the perusal of his family." The Reader feels that he is reading the remarks of a practical American man of business, who is not led away by fancy or imagination. If he thinks that the dwellers in the poetic East are a dirty mean set of lying sycophants, he says so. If he finds squalor and poverty instead of the fabled wealth of the Indians, he says so. While so much attention is turned to the study of the Hindoo mythology, the following extract is interesting:—

Speculators on Indian religion have made out the Brahmunical system to be one of the purest and most perfect that the world has ever seen, and we have derived from those theorists some very pretty and systematic notions about a Brahmunical Trimoortee, or Trinity, in which the Creative, Preserving, and Destroying Powers were supposed exactly to counterbalance each other, and govern the universe in harmony. Such may have been the doctrines of the early vedas, but, at the present day, the fact is, that, in theory, the whole religious system is the most confused, contradictory, beastly tissue of incredible fables; in practice, it is even worse; the Trimoortee is altogether ignored, and it is only a very learned pundit who would know that his religion presupposed such a thing. Brahma is never worshipped; Vishnoo has some followers in the South; but Seewa and his wife Párbutee are the gods to whom most of the homage is paid. Seewa is always venerated in the Mahadeo; but his wife Párbutee has numerous forms, each more repulsive than the other. As Kalee, in Bengal, she presides over self-torture, swinging suspended by hooks in the back, burning villages, and murdering the inhabitants, and other amusements, of which her followers are so fond; as Bhowanee, in the centre of India, she is the mistress of the Thugs, in whose honor they drive their murderous trade, and whom the blood of a man slain for her sake is supposed to make smile for a thousand years; as Dévee, in the rest of India, she is the dread small-pox, which is so fearful a scourge among the natives. When one is taken ill of this disease, his friends say "*Dévee Nikola,*" "Dévee has manifested herself," and it is considered impious to attempt to dislodge the goddess, or to burn the body which she has honored by taking up her abode in it. In all these forms, Párbutee presides over every form of torture and horror—infanticide being one of her favorite failings. It was formerly customary to offer to her sacrifices of men and horses, but these have been discontinued since the introduction of the Company's rule. It must be remembered that this most amiable and attractive goddess is worshipped by about half the population of India, while the greater part of the other half worship her husband, Seewa, who is a deity of equally bad character, only his qualities are not developed in the same obtrusive hideousness. He is supposed, however, to be an accessory before the act in all that his wife does.

The worship of the Mahadeo is very simple. It consists merely in putting upon the stone lingam, rice, flowers, bright-colored powder, and some other things, which are then washed off by a stream of Ganges' water, poured by the attendant Brahmun, who keeps mumbling Sanscrit prayers. As each worshipper completes his offering, the Brahmun paints his forehead with certain stripes of bright-colored paint, which show, during the whole day, to what deity the wearer has done poojah in the morning.

We hear a great deal about caste, how it always has existed and always will exist: but from Mr. Minturn it would appear that there is a progress party even in India:—

Both Hindooism and Mohammedanism would seem to be gradually breaking up in the Company's territories; not that there has yet been any great impression produced upon the mass of the population, or that any better creed is being substituted; only there are numerous signs to show that neither of the old religions is in as vigorous a state as it was some years ago, or as Hindooism, at least, is still, in the dominions of some native princes. The musjeeds are mostly out of repair, and in many instances fast going to ruin, except some of them which are kept up by government. The Mussulmans in India have long abandoned the purity of their old faith, and become more or less infected with Hindoo superstitions, and the great bulk of them rarely go to the mosques, or observe those daily prayers which are so striking to the traveller in other Moslem countries. Among the Hindoos the change is seen more in the gradually increasing disregard of caste. A few years ago a Brahmun would have been polluted for the day by the touch of a low-caste man, and would as soon have thought of wearing leather shoes, eating beef or drinking spirits, as of killing his mother, eating her flesh, and drinking her blood. Now however, patent leather pumps are very fashionable in the cities among them; the higher classes, whose wealth and position enable them to despise public opinion, eat and drink what they like—especially the latter, and the pollution by touch, if remarked at all, is too inconvenient to be long remembered. It must not be supposed, however, that this disregard of caste is yet at all general. Among the lower classes, that maxim, so general among oriental nations, that "that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man" is still universally and scrupulously observed, and any deviation from the rules of caste is severely punished. Even those *illuminati*, of whom I spoke above, are in many instances so hampered by the prejudices of their youth, that they would not eat at the same table with one of another caste or drink water from his cup.

The following will be interesting to each fair possessor of "a genuine cashmere:"—

The shawls nearly all come from the Punjab, only a few from Cashmeer. All shawls that come to this country from India are called "Cashmere," or "Camel's Hair," but really, there are scarcely any true Cashmeeree shawls in America—and none anywhere of "Camel's Hair." The Cashmeeree shawl is made of the inner wool of the Thibet goat, which is brought from Ladak in Thibet, and woven into a fabric called [illegible], which forms the basis and centre of the Cashmeeree shawl. The embroidery of the shawls is sometimes *woven*, sometimes *worked with the needle*; in either case the work is done by men, and requires an [illegible] amount of time. The Maharajah of Cashmeer does not allow any of the workmen to leave his [illegible]. If caught attempting to escape they are [illegible], notwithstanding this risk, many of them have made their escape to the Punjab, where, at the [illegible] of Lahor, Loodiana, and Umritsur, they have [illegible] established manufactories of shawls, from which [illegible] of the West are supplied. Every shawl [illegible]red in Cashmeer, has a few square inches of [illegible] incomplete. After the shawl is bought, it is [illegible] the private manufactory of the Maharajah, [illegible] pays him about one hundred per cent. of its [illegible] duty. This regulation also gives the Maharajah the opportunity of ascertaining the party to [illegible] shawl is sold—which he always wishes to [illegible] he will not allow the shawls to be sold to [illegible]

[illegible] Minturn is a strong defender of the East Indian [illegible] he justifies their course, and always sympa[illegible] the behavior of the English towards the [illegible] If we accept him, we will have to give up [illegible] which Burke and Sheridan, and every [illegible]" which has attacked the East Indian [illegible] have given us. This we hope the world is [illegible] ready to do. "The blowing men from guns, [illegible] with the best intentions for their benefit, [illegible] human desires for their future welfare, [illegible] praiseworthy or justifiable in an enlight[illegible] nation, professing to be Christians, while [illegible] practical benefits the Company have confer[illegible] appear, if it is true "that in 1825, there [illegible] twenty miles of carriage road in Bengal." [illegible] stated by Mr. Minturn "that there is no [illegible] known as a third generation of Europeans [illegible]," would seem to show that the Europeans were never intended to go there, that they are medlers and interlopers, that God intended India for the Indians, since they only, can there obey the primal injunction to "increase and multiply," and that the best thing any other race can do, is to go home where they came from. This doctrine does not agree with the vaunted duty and glory of spreading our civilization, but we do not believe that it is possible or desirable that all nations should think and do as we think and do or that the right of suffrage, and the freedom of the press, are the great needs of every people; in short we believe that when God created the world and its inhabitants, He did it with such wisdom that no man or set of men can better the great plan.

AN HOUR WITH A COMPENDIUM.

If it was not Walter Scott or Sylvanus Cobb, it was some body else who said, that of making books there is no end. And it was a very sensible remark. In fact, there are so many persons engaged in this branch of business, that it is but a slight loss if a book should chance to die—especially if it die of its own stupidity. Feeling, as we do, the force of this fact, we are grieved to learn that a Mr. Charles D. Cleveland's "Compendium of American Literature," a work which apparently committed suicide (like the author of "Sartaroe,") some months since, has been partially resuscitated by the ingenious author of its being. In other words, a publishing house in Philadelphia has brought out, or is about to bring out, a new edition of Mr. Cleveland's "Compendium." It is melancholy to think how many well meant and confiding people *might* have been rendered miserable by that first edition, if the author had not stolen a march on the public (as we presume he did,) by purchasing all the copies himself. We say *all* the copies; but that is hardly the truth, for, through some culpable mismanagement on the part of the publishers, one copy was recklessly sold, and we were the innocent purchaser. The book cost us one dollar and seventy-five cents. We do not state this tearfully, but in a cheerful and resigned spirit, for we consider that Mr. Cleveland's "Compendium," as a mere literary curiosity, is worth twice the money. Next to a very good book, there is nothing so entertaining as a very absurd one. And Mr. Cleveland's is just that.

We shall laugh at it, certainly; but first a serious word. When a man undertakes to edit a work which, like this, is intended to be, in some sort, a representation of American literature, we expect him to be above the influence of petty cliques, political, religious, or literary; we expect him to have some slight knowledge of what he is writing about; we look for taste, judgment, critical ability, and, unreasonable as it may seem, we expect him to write decent English. What qualification has Mr. Cleveland for preparing an epitome of American literature? Is he a scholar? Is he a critic? In short, is he the man to undertake such a work? We are forced to answer, No. For Mr. Cleveland *is* influenced by his political and religious prejudices; he does *not* know what he is writing about, and he *does* write most execrable English. Having made these assertions, it is in some degree our duty to substantiate them. We shall do so in as few words as possible.

I. Mr. Cleveland says in his preface that he has prepared this book "neither to please any clique or sect, nor to favor any particular latitude or special market." It is a significant fact that *not a single living Southern author is represented in this volume*, while the ridiculous foot-notes throughout, are violently anti-slavery. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is the greatest living novelist, and a respectable colored woman, named Phillis Peters, who wrote very dismal hymns, until she died one day, is placed in the front rank as a poet!

II. Mr. Cleveland's selections are, in almost every instance, the very worst that could have been made. We have not room to quote specimens, and would not if we had. His biographical introductions are replete with inaccuracies; he attributes works to men who never wrote them; ["The Court of Napoleon" is not by Mr. Frank. B. Goodrich's father, but by Mr. Frank. B. Goodrich's father's son!] he blunders in dates, and displays a plentiful lack of wit whenever he attempts criticism. The index proves that Mr. Cleveland's knowledge of authors is limited, and the body of the book, that his knowledge is worthless. The highest praise we could give Mr. Motley, would be to say that the author of "The Dutch Republic" finds no place among the historians in Mr. Cleveland's "Compendium." Praise could go no further. We search its pages in vain for the names of Bayard Taylor, Saxe, Mitchell, Boker, Leland, Stoddard, Cozzens, Read, and twenty other men who have made their mark in the world of letters. Their places, for the most part, are occupied by men, women, and children whom nobody but Heaven and Mr. Cleveland (we should have said Mr. Cleveland and Heaven,) ever heard of.

III. To give the reader some idea of our author's prose, we shall allow Mr. Cleveland to speak for himself, notwithstanding the example set by the illustrious Miles Standish. Among other incomprehensible things, he assures us that

"In the preparation of all works of this character, there are difficulties which they only can appreciate who have been engaged in such labors. But in this work the difficulties are peculiar: First, from the two questions, that must, at the very outset, be answered—*What is American Literature?* and, *When does it begin?* Secondly, from the vast amount of material to select from *at times* absolutely overwhelming!"

That something should be "absolutely overwhelming," we are willing to grant; but we cannot quite so easily get over the two interrogations, "What is literature? and, When does it begin?" We know what is *not* literature—Mr. Cleveland's "Compendium," for instance, and *that* was "begun" seven years ago. But *n'importe*. It is refreshing to learn that he is fond of his publishers, and that those gentlemen "have done their part in a style of great beauty."

"My publishers—and no author could in this respect [what respect?] be more highly favored—have done their part, as before, *in a style of great beauty*; so that no series of books, I believe, have ever been offered to the public at so moderate a price, considering their amount of reading matter, and their mechanical execution."

Did it never occur to Mr. Cleveland that the less "reading matter" he puts in his books, the more valuable they become? But let that pass. The paragraph, on the whole, is rather better than he usually writes, despite the advertising clause, which is somewhat involved. Mr. Cleveland has an article on Lindley Murray, but he does not appear to be on good terms with, at least, *one* of that gentleman's productions. We of course refer to an instructive little work, entitled "English Grammar." Our extract from this paper is short, and needs no comment:

"The following extracts are from a series of letters, of an *autobiographical* character, *written by himself!*—*Page* 173.

Mr. Cleveland took great pains in composing his article on Poe, and, consequently, a more feeble article hasn't appeared for some time. He thinks Poe was a demon of darkness, revamps all the terrible stories relative to Poe's private life (which is none of Mr. Cleveland's business), and winds up with the following cheerful interrogation, which we have attempted to answer:

"And now, what shall we say of this man who led such a checkered and wretched life, who hated mankind, and who sought to drown his misery in the intoxicating bowl? What can we say in extenuation of his desolute character, his entire want of moral principle, his pernicious example? Nothing."

Precisely so, Mr. Cleveland. That is just what you should say, not only with regard to Poe, but on literary matters generally, for the moment you speak you put us out of patience with one of our species. The ghost of poor Poe ought to haunt Mr. Cleveland for the following:

"As scarcely *any* extract could be made from his fictitious writings that would give *any* just appreciation of them [why not?] or be in *any* way profitable, we confine ourselves to his *poetry*, and from this take the *following*, though *they* have often been given to the public before. He deplores the death of his wife in the beautiful lyric of 'Annabel Lee.'"

He doesn't do anything of the sort. The poem was not suggested by the death of that lady.

We commend these paragraphs to the readers admiration:

"It is said that when in *ordinary* health, which was *generally* delicate, he would spend thirteen hours every day in his study."—*Page* 28.

"On the 4th of July, 1788, Mr. Wilson was selected to deliver the oration *at* the famous procession formed at Philadelphia to celebrate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States."—*Page* 81.

"She has also written a 'Life of Lucretia M. Davidson,' published in the seventh volume of 'Sparks' American Biography;' and has contributed many articles *for* [meaning *to*] *The Lady's Book*, and other periodicals."—*Page* 526.

"In 1834 he married, and soon after appeared that beautiful piece, that has been so much admired, 'The Sleeping Wife.'"—*Page* 714.

It would be wasting time to multiply instances of Mr. Cleveland's stupidity. We have quoted enough to prove that his prose is not very elegant or correct—in short, that it is very bad. Mr. Cleveland is a schoolmaster, but he writes English like a schoolboy.

One word more and we have done. The author amiably apologizes for not completing his "Compendium" until some seven years after the publishers had announced it. We beg leave to say that the apology is quite unnecessary. He did, indeed, work with prodigious industry at first; "but," says Mr. Cleveland, with charming *naiveté*, "I found that with the arduous professional duties of my school, I was working too hard, and, therefore, I suspended my labors upon the book entirely, and for four or five years (*while residing for a greater part of the time in the country,*) I wrote not a line for it." From which we infer that country air has a beneficial effect on Mr. Cleveland. In fact, so strongly are we impressed by this idea, that we could wish Mr. Cleveland might pass the remainder of his days in suburban seclusion.

Note.—We have been informed that one of Mr. Cleveland's compilations, we don't know which, is in use as a classbook in some school, we don't know where, and we are pained if such is the fact; for it proves what we are very sorrow to have proven; *i. e.*, that there is another schoolmaster as ignorant as Mr. Cleveland.

For the Saturday Press.

AN EVENING WITH MYSELF.

NO. I.

I have a most interesting experience to record, namely, that of an evening spent with—myself. And strange to say it was a very agreeable experience—so much so, that I have resolved hereafter to cultivate my own society with the same assiduity with which I have hitherto cultivated that of other, and, to me at least, less interesting persons.

In fact, the little that I saw of myself during that memorable evening, was of a nature to excite all my curiosity. I had no idea before what manner of man I was. I had treated myself uniformly as a disagreeable fellow, to be on all occasions coolly received, and when necessary, promptly snubbed. Nevertheless, for men in general, made so far as I could see in the same image, and having, as nearly as I could judge, the same emotions and passions with myself, I had a good deal of respect. None so mean but had some point of interest for me. Indeed, in this respect, at any rate, I was peculiar. It was my favorite occupation to find out new types of character and compare them, not—as I now feel I would have been more wise—with myself, but with each other. Hence I became acquainted with a large number of very eccentric people—people of the class commonly called originals. These were my favorites. Yet few of them were very brilliant, fewer still either well-to-do, or well-to-have-done, and none of them "respectable." There was only this to say in their favor; they were themselves. There was no hypocrisy about them; no paint, no powder, no *extraneous* perfume. Moreover, no one of them all was a reformer, a philanthropist, or in any respect whatever a bore. At least not to me. Some of them were "poor devils," others rich devils, others again sadly deficient in any kind of diabolic element, but they all stood for what they were, and I always knew where to find them.

With such like folk I had been accustomed to spend most of my time. One such I had, and still have, for my wife. I didn't marry her, but she married me, and though we have never been "One," but must always, in the nature of things, remain "Two" (except that just now there is a dangerous prospect of our being Three), we love each other very much, and let each other for the most part very humanely alone. She has her "set," and I have mine, and they don't agree together at all; for hers are all women, and mine are not only men, but men who—as is the case with most eccentric people—have had difficulties with the opposite sex, and are in a state of permanent warfare with it. Probably they have been crossed in love. Not a very serious calamity, in my opinion, but in the opinion of most men, the calamity of calamities, making a calamity of dear life itself.

This is not a digression, for it was the character of the persons I have just described, which led me to ask, one day:—"Am I too, like these cherished comrades of mine, and this odd wife of mine, an eccentric, or am I but an ordinary mortal, counting one in the great census of population, and there an end?" Now this was a very perplexing problem which I had been diligently engaged in not solving for some weeks, when, one afternoon, as I was walking home in an unusually abstract and insoluble mood, I tripped over a log of wood, which the fates or some stupid Irishman had laid across my path, and hurt my foot so badly that I was compelled to spend that evening in my room.

And that was the evening I spent with myself.

My wife was out, somewhere, with *her*-self, my dog with *him*-self, and my house in some sort out with itself, so that I was absolutely alone! I and my problem all alone!

I bound up my wounded foot like the good Samaritan I am, lit my pipe like a good smoker, and proceeded to make other and most hospitable arrangements for my entertainment. With the most scrupulous care I put everything in my room in perfect order. Papers that had been accumulating for weeks were carefully filed. Pictures hung out of square on the wall were nicely adjusted. Books scattered all over the floor were restored to their vacant places in the bookcase. Clothes hanging helter-skelter over the backs of the chairs, were neatly folded and put away. Finally the carpet was carefully swept—the table, sofa, mantlepiece, étagère, and "what-not," well dusted—and then, with an ineffable sense of comfort, enhanced by a mild glass of brandy and water, "I" (as Walt. Whitman would say), "I loafed and invited my soul."

Yes, and my soul accepted the invitation, and we loafed together; *I*, quietly engaged in the work of self-examination, and my soul (or "Self") passively submitting to the operation as something quite original and by no means disagreeable. And I then and there, for the first time became acquainted with myself. Hitherto we had been such strangers that now there was need almost of a formal introduction. For the first time I felt the wisdom of the old injunction "Know Thyself." There were many others, doubtless, who knew me, but I was in a state of deplorable self-ignorance. I need not say how delighted I was to make my acquaintance, nor how anxious I was to be at once and forever on good terms with myself. I felt, moreover, that nothing less than this was due to both of us; that, in a word, we had social claims on each other, which must not on any account longer be neglected. And pacing up and down the room, I said this to myself over and over again, and in each instance met with an affirmative response. It was time—I went on to say as I became more and more familiar and at home with myself—that we ceased to be Two, and became in unity or at One with each other; for it was plain to me, as I reflected on the subject, that discord with oneself was the most fatal of all discords, and the most prolific source of unhappiness. It suddenly occurred to me, too, that nearly everybody, however brave he might be in respect to others, was arrantly afraid of himself, and that the few who had finally overcome this terror, were after all the chosen few—the *élite* or elect of God. And what cowardice, I asked, so great as this? Fear, arrant fear, of one's self! Could anything be more ignominious? and with this feeling strong upon me, I literally wooed, courted, and caressed myself, examining the subject of my new interest—or, rather, the poor shell of it—in the mirror, and applying to it all kinds of endearing names.

Now before the reader denounces all this as mere affectation, let him reflect on the ecstatic condition I was in at having for the first time conceived the idea of forming intimate and friendly relations with myself. Or if this thought fails to mollify him (for there is no so wrathy man as the indignant reader), let him suspend his judgment, if he have any, until I have finished my story.

Thus far, I have given only my first emotions, growing out of the stark novelty of my position. I was evidently entering upon a new era of existence, and, without knowing what was to be its character, I was naturally in a state of great excitement. I was about making the acquaintance of a person—and had as it were just shaken hands and taken a social drink with him—whom it would have been well worth my while to travel thousands of miles to see, and yet whom I might almost be said to have travelled thousands of miles to avoid. He had always been near to me,—nearer than my shadow, nearer even than my skin—but I had never before seen him. He had started up before me like a ghost in all the great emergencies of life, but like a ghost had also passed away, unrecognized and almost unnoticed. And now here I was, face to face with him, or some dim shadow of him, and no more afraid of the creature (nor indeed so much), than as if he were my better half, which in one sense, and that a very good one, it just occurs to me that he is. Why then shouldn't

I coax and caress him, now that for the first time we were about spending a cozy evening together? At any rate I repeat that I did so, and in this way broke the ice which long years had built upon a cold and impassable bridge between us. SPRIGGS.

Correspondence.

Oct. 30, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—My sister was showing me your article this morning, headed, "A Night with a Mosquito" (1). She requests me to ask you whether you sympathize with those who persecute the Jews, (2) whether you would recommend a general persecution of the Jews? (3) Whether you would aid in endeavoring to excite prejudice against them (4).

I can assure you that I regretted that you found it necessary to give to the world a reflex of your opinion upon that point, if you truly mean it. (5) I sincerely hope you do not. (6) The age is too liberal to permit a man of education to propagate or entertain like opinions. (7) In this country we do not proscribe a man because of his FAITH or religion. (8) Irish, English, and German Catholics, Protestants and Jews, live in harmony and peace. (9)

If your paper is designed as a family paper, (10) how can you expect to make it acceptable when you make it a class paper, deal in religion and sectarian topics, and contemn a people who rank high in the country as industrious and worthy citizens? (11)

Yours Respectfully, H. J. W.

(1.) A very sensible thing for her to do.
(2.) Of course we do.
(3.) Certainly.
(4.) Why not.
(5.) Good.
(6.) You are the longest liver of the two.
(7.) So much the worse for the age.
(8.) Don't we though!
(9.) Where?
(10.) Which it is not.
(11.) That is a question which remains to be settled.

And now, ballooge apart, let us have our say, once for all, about this matter of the persecution of the Jews; and, to be modest, we will say it in the words of another:

"Christendom have persecuted the Jews as barbarously as ever Jews did Christians. And it ought to stop. But then, the rescue of the Jews is of no more consequence than the rescue of any other people. The intolerance and persecution inflicted on them ought to cease, not because they are Jews, nor because they are Old Testament people, but because they are men, women, and children. It is not because they were a 'chosen people,' and had Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob among them, and Moses, and David. Nor because it was prophesied that they would return to Jerusalem; but because persecution is grievous to be borne and wrong to inflict. The Jews had better stay where they are, everywhere, for all going to Jerusalem. They need not run to Holy Land. They have a right to this country—not as Jews against Americans, but as men. As all other people have a right here. If they can better their condition by migrating, I'd migrate. I'd go East, West, South, any point of the compass, to better my real condition. *But they'd better leave off being Jews, and turn mankind.* They'll make as good folks as anybody.

As to the return of the Jews, I regard it as a delusion. The Jews had better not think of returning. They would perish on the way, half of them, if they should attempt; and the rest would die of homesickness after they got there. Holy Land looks pretty to the fancy, and on the maps the children draw of it on Sundays, but come to get there, sand is sand, and rocks rocks. Let the Turks keep it, if they have got wonted there, and can stand it. The Turk shouldn't be routed. And the idea of keeping up this Jewish distinction is inhuman and unwise. It is time it was merged and annihilated. In Humanity as in Christ Jesus, as Paul says, there is neither Jew nor Greek. And there ought to be none. It is time all these hostile distinctions were annihilated; these obstacles to the fellowship and harmony of mankind done away. Down with all of them!"

One Thing and Another.

— A correspondent who approves of our strictures, in the last number of the SATURDAY PRESS, on Everett's Eulogy of Washington, wishes to know what we think of Irving's Life of Washington. We think simply this, that the two works should be bound together, and consigned forthwith to the grave category of those "books without which no gentleman's library is complete." Meanwhile it is to be hoped that some man of genius will rise up in the country and do for Washington what Carlyle has just done for Frederic the Great, and what neither Irving nor Everett, with all their learning, can ever do for anybody.

— The *Tribune* complains (see another column) that the Hon. Caleb Cushing, in his recent agricultural address before the farmers of Virginia, did not confine himself to fat oxen, cereals, butter and cheese, swine, crops, muck, and such like agronomic topics; or, failing in this, that he didn't discourse on "obstetrics, in connection with the slave trade." We don't exactly see the wit of the last remark, but we submit that the whole complaint is unreasonable. Mr. Cushing talked, as any sensible man would, about subjects with which he was familiar. To expect a discourse from him on practical farming, would have been as absurd as to expect a discourse on English Grammar from an editor of the *Tribune*. Besides, if a lecture on the philosophy of "muck" had been wanted, the application should have been made to Mr. Greeley, who is one of the shrewdest agricultural lecturers in the country.

— At a meeting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's congregation, held last Monday evening, to consider plans for building the proposed new church, (to hold five thousand people inside and ten thousand out,) over $41,000 were subscribed; the largest subscription being $6,000. Scrip is to be issued to the stockholders, bearing interest at seven per cent., "payable in pew rents." This promises to be one of the best fancy stocks in the market, and the speculators in it, both bulls and bears (if they are not driven out of the temple in the old primitive style), are likely to make a good thing of it. One of Mr. Beecher's children says the stock is already above par.

OLLENDORFF'S NEW METHOD OF LEARNING TO READ, WRITE, AND SPEAK THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By B. Value. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SAME METHOD. Edited by J. L. Jewett. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

A NEW METHOD OF LEARNING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, ETC., on the plan of Woodbury's Method of German. By Louis Pasquelle, LL.D. Ivison & Phinney, New York.

ANDREWS AND BATCHELOR'S INTEGRAL METHOD OF FRENCH INSTRUCTION. I. A new and comprehensive French Instructor, based upon an original and philosophical method, applicable to the study of all languages, with an Introduction explanatory of the method, and a Treatise on French pronunciation. By Stephen Pearl Andrews and George Batchelor. II. The Practical Pronouncer and Key to Andrews and Batchelor's New French Instructor, containing an Introduction; the Lessons of the Instructor, with a phonetic rendering in parallel columns; a French Translation of the Exercises, together with an Appendix. By Stephen Pearl Andrews and George Batchelor. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

John Manesca, a native of the French West Indies, a teacher some twenty-five years ago of the French language, in this city, was the first to step out of the old routine of teaching French by publishing and employing an oral method. In his hands and with his indefatigable drill, the system was a success. He actually taught the French language successfully to persons who had never been in France, and who might, for that matter, never have heard the language outside his schoolroom. The excellence of the system depended, however, too much upon the unwearied industry of the teacher. One of his pupils visited Paris. Ollendorff, a German teacher of French, pirated the system from him there, popularized it, and sent it broadcast over the civilized world.

Manesca wholly omitted theoretic and systematic instruction in the grammar of the language. It was the boast of his system that he could teach an ignoramus as well as a scholar; and so he could, by force of individual drill upon a system admirably adapted to that end—*repetition sans cesse*. The Ollendorff method has assumed the first postulate, that a person ignorant of grammar rules can be taught a language as well as one who knows them, and then wholly omits the untiring labor of the teacher, the sole condition, by any system, of that species of success.

The success of Ollendorff, flimsy and unreal as it really is, has raised up a host of imitators, with nothing essentially new in their systems. The new and scholarlike works of Andrews and Batchelor, recently published by the Appletons, break the monotony, and must inevitably create a new epoch in teaching French. The combination of a thorough grammatical course, inductively displayed, with the Lessons and Exercises on the Oral System, and still more the addition, in the Key, of a masterly and original method of overcoming the difficulties of the French Pronunciation, by the aid of an Intermediate Phonetic Alphabet, are the most prominent features of this method, but by no means all that is original and important.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend these admirable works of Andrews and Batchelor.

We are glad to learn that they are already adopted in the public schools of this city. There is in fact no other system extant which can in any manner compete with this for the combination of all that is requisite to a thorough and rapid acquisition of the French language.

The *Louisville Journal* says (and we are happy to be able to endorse its opinion):—

"Mr. Andrews is one of the most thorough masters of philology that is to be found in this country. His treatise, entitled 'Discoveries in Chinese, or the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing,' is, in many notable respects, one of the most remarkable that modern times have produced on the subject of languages.

"The disquisitions upon the character of language and the proper methods of studying all languages, contained in the general introduction to the work before us, are filled with the best thoughts we have ever seen upon the subject. An invaluable current of thought runs through the various topics discussed under the following head: 'Philology and the practical study of Languages compared,' etc. The great value in the articulation of sentences expressed by conjunctions, by the relative pronouns,—which always involve the force of a conjunction in their meaning,—and by the copula verb *to be*, has never been so clearly illustrated before. In the five distinct claims, made by the authors for their method of teaching French, there is a great deal of truth. The treatise upon French pronunciation, in the 'Instructor,' is by far the best we have ever seen. Every part of it displays the hand of a master.

"We cannot too warmly commend this invaluable 'New French Instructor' to the attention of teachers and persons desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the French language. The Manesca-Ollendorff system greatly simplified the study and facilitated the acquisition, but we entertain no doubt that the system of Andrews and Batchelor is a greater improvement upon all other methods, than Manesca's was upon Duffet's or any of his predecessors. We look upon this new French Instructor as an invaluable contribution to the science of practical philology and the lingual art."

— Messrs. Rudd & Carleton announce "The Witches of New-York, by Doesticks." The sketches, which were originally contributed to the *Tribune*, lay bare some various facts relative to modern soothsayers, miracle-workers, and other superlatively supernatural people.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S "WHEAT AND CHAFF."

Every author who writes and produces a good play, does his brother dramatists a service. It is a succession of such things that educates an audience, and nothing demands a quicker intelligence than the rapid wit of the stage. I frequently observe here the best points of a piece fall completely dead, from a want of quick appreciation on the part of the spectators. Dr. Wainright's comedy of "Wheat and Chaff," produced at Wallack's Theatre on last Saturday, did not either serve dramatic literature, or put the intelligence of the audience to any severe test. It was an astonishingly bold experiment on the part of a manager, to invite five or six hundred people to witness a play without plot, literary merit, or, in fact, any characteristic whatever, except some good scenery. It is not a pleasant task for a critic to find himself forced to condemn, in so unhesitating a manner, the first effort of an author, and if in "Wheat and Chaff" there was any indication, however trifling, of concealed literary ability, it is not alone unkind but unwise to withhold some words of encouragement. The irredeemable commonplaceness of the play in question, leaves it unnecessary to give its author the slightest hope of a future dramatic success.

In "Wheat and Chaff," the thin cartilage which supplies the place of the usual dramatic skeleton, may be thus dissected. We have a villian in good society, by name, Mr. Herbert Vane (Mr. Wheatleigh), who opens the play by making the astonishing announcement that he is "an F. F. V. of Gotham," which is about as intelligible a statement as if he was to introduce himself as an LL.D. of the Royal Navy. Mr. Vane, being caught by the audience in a confidential moment, goes on to mention that although he is supposed to be worth ten thousand dollars a-year, he, in reality, is worth nothing at all. He wisely, therefore, determines to risk his last two hundred dollars (which he shows to the audience, lest they might think he was only blowing,) at the gaming table. We presently learn, through the medium of a fireman in top-boots, who runs with Mr. Vane's "masheen"—I mean, rides behind on that gentleman's tilbury—we learn from this anomalous creature, that Mr. Vane has been stealing a watch from one Charlotte Temple, a young lady, it is to be presumed, from certain indications in the play, of uneasy virtue. Mr. Vane, as a villain, would not of course be complete without endeavoring to entrap an innocent young lady, with a fortune, who loves another. The young lady is provided in the person of Miss Helen Grafton (Mrs. Hoey), who dresses remarkably well, and says as little as possible, which is the more fortunate, as the little that she does say is stupid. Mrs. Grafton (Mrs. Grattan), of course, heartlessly favors Mr. Vane, and disparages the man of her daughter's choice, one Mr. Arthur Beaufort (Mr. Lester), a young painter, with the necessary amount of poverty, canvass, and velvet *robe de chambre*. Owing to a certain promise made by her father's death-bed, Helen obeys her mother's will with a breaking heart, casts off the virtuous young painter, and agrees to marry Vane. Everybody being now made uncomfortable, the wheel of fortune is, of course, reversed, and runs on the opposite track. Vane, atrocious villain that he is, loses his two hundred dollars at the gambling table, and then plays on a worthless check. He drops a letter from a lawyer, threatening him with a prosecution on account of Charlotte Temple's chronometer. It is needless to say that this letter is picked up, that the villain is unmasked, that the penniless painter weds the heart-broken Helen, that the heartless mother is reformed, and that every thing ends with matrimony and a dance.

Feeble as this plot evidently is, what are we to say, when it is clothed with language so old and commonplace that the entire dialogue sounds like a hubbub of recollections. A few extracts will give some idea of the literary merit of this piece. Talking of broken engagements, Arthur says, "What matters it if a few hearts break with them?" to which Vane replies, "Nothing. *Sew them up with gold*,—they are as good as new." Who ever saw anything sewn up with gold? The operation would puzzle Singer himself.

Here is an original reflection:

"What's conscience? A mere bugbear to frighten children."

Fancy Mr. Brougham, as Job Merryweather, an old gentleman with a Doctor Franciscan head of hair, a wonderful chuckle, and a colored pocket handkerchief, having to say this:

"No, Arthur, true love is eternal; it is a spring in the desert: the sands of time may fill, the growth of weeds may choke it, yet memory, like an oasis, marks the spring, still there though silent."

Mr. Brougham getting naturally confused in the delivery of such a speech, becomes perfectly helpless further on. "Ah!" he says, "the crust of pride, be it ever so thick on the *face*, the *heart* can be felt pulsating *beneath*." Either Mr. Brougham, or the author, has never studied anatomy; for I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the heart is never, except in a single case, located in a person's face. The case I allude to is when a person is said to have "his heart in his mouth."

Mr. Brougham—or rather Mr. Merryweather—is equally happy in his philosophical statements. Here is one which I think no one will dare to controvert: "Youth! youth! what a priceless jewel art thou to thy possessor! Trifle not with it, ye young, nor cast it from you, for once lost, it is beyond recall." It certainly is: this I know by not being able to put on the jacket which I wore at school.

Mr. Merryweather, doubtless thinking that he had been distinguishing himself in the above sentimental passage, follows it up with this startling variation on the same theme: "We were young once, Catharine," he says to Mrs. Grafton. I regret to say, that lady did not appear to be overwhelmed with any particular emotion at this astonishing remark: she looked so utterly indifferent, that one might have supposed she really had been young once!

Vane having been cleaned out at a gambling hell, utters this tragical *aside*: "My last dollar is gone, but Fortune shall smile! *I will borrow some money of Brown.*" The climax of "Brown," in this speech, is wonderfully effective.

Mr. Lester, in the cheerful part of Arthur Beaufort, gets off some marvellous hits. Here is a novel sentiment concerning a large city:

"It is now (*takes out watch*) five minutes to eleven. Uncle will soon be here. I will wait without. (*Crosses stage.*) Life! life! what an ever-changing picture art thou! Yon moon rather calmly peaceful over this slumbering hive of weary workers and heartless drones. Lasts it? No! A storm comes on, and in a moment all is blackness! Such is my life's picture. A few short hours ago it breathed through golden tints, now the storm has come, and darkness shadows it. What consolation have I? my philosophy? I find, too late, it is false and hollow: it is pleasant to the eye, but there is dust within."

and here is one concerning false friends.

"The tree and its parasites; while there is any sap left, they cling to it lovingly, shutting out the brighter ray when withered, gracefully drop away, coolest some other in their insidious coils, and leave it lone and desolate—a ruined monument of treacherous friendship. 'Such is life.'"

Fortunately, Mr. Lester did not end his soliloquy with "such is life." Good-natured as the audience were, I scarcely think they would have stood that.

But Dr. Wainright seems equally at home in the comic element. To servants on the stage, tradition has always assigned the broad face. This is how the broad face is done by New York servants. Bob and Thomas meet at Mrs. Grafton's and indulge in playful conversation:

Bob.—Sold. [*Turns, puts finger to nose.*] I say, old fellow, I can't stand here all day gassing. Start your pins. There's an answer to that note.

Thomas.—You don't say so, my chicken! Where is it?

Bob.—Look a-here, old rooster, stunner down—switch off! [*Pushes Thomas off, R. H.*] Confounded old fogy don't know nothin',—hasn't cut his eye teeth! I'll start 'em for him! I'll cut his gums! [*Comes down stage.*] Guess I must look out for 'nother place. That master of mine's pretty nigh played out. If this here gag with that young woman up stairs, don't go down, there'll be a grand *lark-fumaz*. Let's see. I'll try him 'nother week. I want to be in at the death. Won't that be jolly? [*Enter Thomas, R. H.*]

Thomas.—Here's the answer. [*Hands note.*]

Bob.—You did stir your stumps, didn't you, old two-forty? [*Takes note.*] How's the old woman up stairs? She's a buster!

Thomas.—Look here, young man; don't be saucy.

Bob.—Oh, dry up! I say, old Sustanente, can't we smile?

Thomas.—We mought; there's some champagne down stairs.

Bob.—That's jolly. Come along, old mutton-head! let's sail in. [*Exeunt, L. H. Bob pulling Thomas off.*]

They meet again at Mrs. Grafton's, and are still playful:

Hall at Mrs. GRAFTON'S. *Ball outside, L. H., rings violently. Enter* THOMAS, *R. H., putting on coat. Crosses open door, L. H. Enter* BOB *hurriedly, pushing* THOMAS *aside, has newspaper in hand.*

Bob.—Here's a jolly row—I don't think.

Thomas.—I should think there was. Do you want to pull the house down?

Bob.—Simmer down, old doughface! None of your airs—it wont do.

Thomas.—I see you're saucy as ever.

Bob.—That's so, old hoss. Has that master of mine gone?

Thomas.—No.

Bob.—Then he's lucky. Go, fetch him here right off.

Thomas.—What for?

Bob.—Think I'm jolly green, don't you, old puddin'-head? Travel. [*Pushes* THOMAS *off, R. H.*]

So the thing goes on through five mortal acts. To do the artists justice who performed in the piece, I never saw a company work harder for the success of a play. Some impromptu witticisms, ventured by Mr. Brougham, were very successful, and the most unimportant parts in the comedy were manipulated with an attention to detail that is seldom seen off of the French stage. A Newsboy, played by Mr. Parsloe, who had only a few lines to speak, was an admirable episode in an otherwise dreary act. The dress, air, and voice of the young vagabond were copied to the life. Another noticeable character was a lately imported Englishman, thoroughly realized by Mr. Lascelles. The costume, languid attitudes, and various stages of a dandy's exhaustion during the Lancers, were all perfect. Mr. Lascelles had very little to say—if I may except a pretty song in the third act, which he sang charmingly—but his by-play was much more amusing than the speeches of the characters around him. Mr. Brougham did his best for the part of Job Merryweather, but not all his artistic "make-up," or genial acting, could succeed in rendering the performance an interesting one. Mr. Lester did wonders in the part of Arthur Beaufort—that is to say, he contrived not to be laughable; which, considering the speeches that were put in his mouth, is no small praise. Miss Mary Gannon, as Blanche, was merry and natural, and lightened up considerably the solemnity of the various scenes in which she appeared. Mrs. Hoey had little to do or say, but presented an admirable toilette. The play was carefully put upon the stage, and the scenery good, if I may except a scene mentioned as the entrance to a gambling house, which was not an entrance to any place, and was not in the least like the interior of a gambling house.

It is really a very melancholy thing to be obliged to conclude a notice of a new play, by a new author, without a single word of commendation. But there are occasions when praise would be as unkind as censure, and this is one.

At the conclusion of the piece Doctor Wainwright was loudly called for, and made his appearance before the curtain, where he acknowledged, in a speech of some length, the complimentary manner in which his piece had been received. FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

WILLIS ON PICCOLOMINI.

Presenting myself early at the Academy, I got a good seat, near the stage, and waited for "*La Traviata*." To one's previously formed idea of what a "*Traviata*" might possibly look like, "surrounded (as the book says) by a circle of gay and thoughtless beings like herself," the fair creature who stepped forward at the close of the overture had really very little resemblance. It was even droll to see such undisguised Innocence pretending to talk and walk as Wickedness would or should under the circumstances—so utterly un-illusive a performance of the saint playing the sinner in fact, that it was more than ever a wonder how the exact opposite, the sinner playing the saint, had recently been done in New York so successfully. Of school-girl purity, utterly unbreathed upon, "*la Violetta's*" dimpled face, as she came upon the stage, was the completest type. Her exquisite grace and elegance, in fact, seemed to be of that exceedingly rare class that is unconscious and accidental. The "born Princess" was evidently in her blood, and she could not help herself, poor thing!

With this blemish aside, the acting (of which the daily newspapers are giving detailed and able criticisms) was truly admirable. I will only mention one point of her professional skill with which I was particularly struck—the full and captivating equivalent which she gave, with a toss of her pretty fingers, for every note that she despaired of reaching. Her voice falls short of here and there a climax; but she is perfectly aware of it, and simply so delights the eye, at that particular moment, with the bewitching grace and coquetry of a gesture, that the expectant ear forgets to be disappointed! The most strenuous "bravo," in fact, is likeliest to be heard from the audience at the point artistically the faultiest.

But how can I describe what is Piccolomini's great peculiarity? *Her mouth, while she sings, plays the most delicious pantomime* possible to conceive! The eye of the spectator is so pelted with kisses, exquisitely represented in a sort of *alto relievo*, that it is absolutely bewildering. The natural actions of the lip seems positively that, and nothing else—KISSES, caught and put into harness, and made to do duty like sung words. It is most difficult to realize, as one looks and listens when she leans over the footlights—(with anything of a habit of kisses "soon done," that is to say)—that the rest of the audience has not mysteriously disappeared, leaving the matter entirely between one's self and her! And then the absolutely innocent candidness of the whole play and pout of those pulpy little red lips—looking so as if they implicitly trusted and believed in you, while they tried to reach you—makes it still more absolutely personal and private. I do not think there was ever before such an actress on the stage—one who was unequivocally stamped with the innocence of a child, while she left upon every auditor the mysterious memory of a kiss? As the ballad says:

"*Such two lips to sigh for,*
(By heraldry's test,)
Should make bridge this cipher
Engraved on her crest."

though I doubt not that the "helmet and shield" of the chivalric Piccolomini had a blazon much more warlike, won by their swords in those Middle Ages when they were so famous.

Go and see the Piccolomini, when you are next in town, my dear Morris, remembering, as a song-writer, that her distinguished feature is the one which the lover-god, in the classic pastoral, chose to bestow his homage upon:

"The honey-suckles would he often strip,
And lay their sweetness on her sweeter lip"—

in accordance with which, I am very sure, you will strip the honey-suckles of your brain for a song, to lay as an offering on the same exquisitely elliptic altar. Now, won't you?—and let it be a "flip to her fame" from you and

Me, too, N. P. W.

[*Home Journal.*

From Bay to Bay.

ELECTION IS OVER.—A feeling of thankfulness that the election is over, is the feeling in the mind of every man unhappy enough to live near a candidate. What with enthusiastic friends, whose spontaneous enthusiasm bursts out in serenades at the candidate's suggestion and expense, and the crowd of dirty leaders and political hangers-on, who are always on hand on such occasions, ready and eager for a drink, the comfort and quiet of a neighborhood is destroyed. Think of having one's horrendous dreams rudely disturbed by the discord of a half tipsy and tin-mouthed brass band, varied with a solo performance on a trumpet, as has actually been done.

A NEW BULLETIN.—Just above Grand street, in Broadway, Messrs. Lord & Taylor are putting up a large marble store. We commend the grand rush in the front, which serves admirably to give a fine open effect to the building. We are also pleased to see that the architect has carried his stone down to the ground instead of using cast iron columns, thereby [illegible] to the building. [illegible] immensity of cast iron buildings, tonight is the quietest

[illegible] should not be disposed of [illegible] on Broadway can escape politics [illegible] there have no more pernicious and dangerous [illegible] than the upper stories, or as a building material for the [illegible]. Every housekeeper knows how liable her [illegible] are to sudden [illegible]—if the iron ones are to sudden and [illegible] fearful fatalities; cast iron has the same property. While under the influence of such heat as would be [illegible] fire in any store in Broadway, cast iron pillars are [illegible] as pipe stems, and a cast iron building, as [illegible] Fifteen, would have the streets drawn out [illegible] and fall down like a house of cards. A glance [illegible] will put the question of such buildings before the [illegible] by a full illustration of human life. And [illegible] the [illegible] of those the new store will be built [illegible] of a wooden frame one. Many a [illegible] by having its cornice fixed by [illegible] and most of the buildings in Broadway which are liable to this accident, are too high to be reached by the stream of water from any engine we have in the city.

SUGAR FROM MAPLE.—One of those useful machines made a display of its powers some weeks ago, in Wall street. But the recent elections show the folly of attempting their introduction. They cannot vote.

POLICEMEN, Attention.—Are the police aware that it is illegal to smoke any banner across the street. We presume that they don't enforce the ordinance, because they themselves are implicated for the good of a political body, instead of the body public.

THE SHOVEL-MEN ON BROADWAY.—Who do they belong to? Any one who is going to build has no scruples to claim them as his own by hooking them up, and turning all the immense stream of foot passengers out into the street or oblige them to pick their way among the "dejecta membra" of that sidewalk as best they may. There is no more excuse for this than there is for filling up the street with building materials. The law affords ample room for the storage of the last, until they are wanted for use, while the sidewalk should never be disturbed without giving the public an ample and safe substitute.

Chess.

CORRESPONDENCE.

F. H. M.'s solution is correct. The Key-move of Loyd's famous problem is 1. f3—g4†.

PHOENIX will perhaps be disappointed, but his poem is too long for our purpose.

E. B. C. is cordially thanked for his kind favor.

CHESS ENGRAVE, in different parts of the country, will find, by inquiring of the publishers of their respective journals, that the SATURDAY PRESS has been sent them in exchange for their favors.

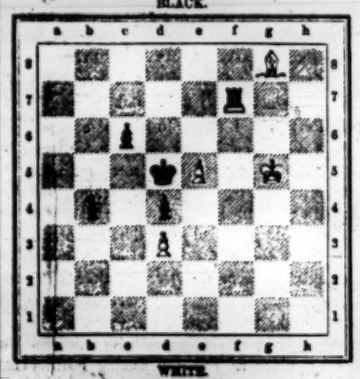
C. F., of New Haven, is informed that if he will send in an original problem, he shall gladly make use of it. It is hardly worth while, however, to give selections, while we have in our possession so many unpublished contests by the first American masters.

PROBLEM No. 1 is solved by 1. a7—b7, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2.

By Mr. Eugene B. Cook, of Hoboken, N. J.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White M'ght, and mate in five moves.

MR. PAUL MORPHY GIVES THE ODDS OF THE ROOK TO MR. A. PERRIN.

(*Remove the Rook at* 1.)

MORPHY.	PERRIN.	Mr. Morphy plays this way in order to be able to move the Pawn at d4.	
1. c3—c4	e7—e5		
2. f2—f4	f8—c5		
3. c3—d3	d7—d6		
4. f2—e3	g8—h6		
5. b2—b4	c5—b6		
6. b4—b4	c8—b7:		
7. c3—c3	b7—b5		
		17. d3—d2	g8—g7
		18. d4—d5	a8—c8
		19. c3—c2	c8—c4
		20. c2—c3	f8—c8
		21. g3—h5†	g7—h8
		22. d2—b6:	b6—c7

This, or c4—c7, is the only way to delay the mate.

23. h5—f6:†	h8—g8
24. f3—g5	b7—d5:

The game is gone, whatever he does.

25. c4—d5:	c4—f4†
26. h2—f4:	e5—f4:
27. f8—c8†	g8—f8
28. g5—h7†	f8—g7
29. c8—g8†	g7—f6
30. h7—g5	c7—c4†
31. f1—g1	c4—c7.

Mr. Morphy mates in two moves.

THE TABLE OF THE CHESS CIRCLES.—The manly and straightforward letter of Paul Morphy to Mr. Staunton commands the hearty admiration, no less of the English chess public than of the American. He uses the pen as he uses the chessman—with a force and effect that his adversary may well dread.—A Morphy Chess Club has been formed in Wilmington, Del.—Löwenthal declares that Harrwitz might well resign, since it was very improbable that his opponent would permit him to score another game.—It is proposed to present the youthful chess king, upon his return home, with a set of gold and silver chessmen, to be purchased by national subscription. The amount to be raised is about twelve hundred dollars.—The new Rooms of the New York Club at 614 Broadway are models of elegance and comfort. Among the latest accessions to the list of members are Baron de Trobriand, Mr. Young, of the *Atlas*, and M. de Figueiro, the Portuguese Consul.—Holland has been imitating our National Chess Congress. The next number of *Sissa*, the Dutch chess magazine, now daily expected, will give the proceedings in full. It was held at Rotterdam.—A consultation match has long been talked of between the three leading amateurs of Philadelphia, and the three strongest players of New York. What is the cause of the delay? Is the Quaker City afraid of tarnishing its well-earned and worthily-won laurels, or is Manhattan not ambitious to recover the prestige it lost in the contemptuous games two years ago?

CHESS LITERATURE.—The German *Handbuch* has reached its third edition. The mass of invaluable analytical material, heaped up by the members of the Berlin school, has been completely revised, and the impression is enriched with an important chapter on odds.—We agree with the English critics (and that the *Athenæum* knows anything about it though) in finding a good deal of nonsense in Cheney's *Philosophy of Chess*. It is not all, however, of "a metal, heavy, dull, and dew," as Mr. Shakspeare Staunton would have us believe, but betrays in some parts marks of "most ingenious sense." The earnest protest against the present system of commentators speculation is full of truths.—The *Chess Monthly* for November (F. Hiller & Son, 49 Nassau street), contains some new problems, translated from the German, the games in the Brooklyn Chess Club match, and a detailed narrative of Mr. Morphy's triumphal progress in Europe.—The printers are at length busy with the Book of the Chess Congress. It will be issued by Redd & Carleton, of this city, sometime in December.—There is some probability that Mr. Staunton's long-promised "Appendix" will soon appear, and include the games played at the Birmingham meeting. We advise the redoubtable champion of England to postpone its publication until after his encounter with Mr. Morphy, as we opine that the latter specimen will show him some unexpected variations which it might be desirable to incorporate in the forthcoming volume.

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LOVE EXPERIENCES OF AN IMPRESSIBLE MAN.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

I.

It is my misfortune to have what is called an impressible nature; that is to say, a nature intensely susceptible to surrounding influences. So easily does my heart take the stamp of contiguous objects, that one would say it was made of wax; while on the other hand, so rapidly do the different impressions disappear, that it might be said to be made of sand. I have a theory, however, which is much more satisfactory: it is that the heart is composed, like an onion, of an immense number of *layers*, and that the consecutive impressions made upon it do not become obliterated, as would seem, but sink deeper and deeper below the surface, so that when the layers come to be finally removed—or, in other words, when the heart comes at last to be peeled—each impression will be discovered in regular order, and the common saying that "first impressions are deepest" will be found to be literally true.

But there is as much difference in hearts as in onions. The layers of an Englishman's heart, for example, are coarse and thick; this is especially true of the outer layer. To make an impression upon it is next to impossible. It appears to be of a tough substance, not unlike gutta percha. To make a distinct mark, you must come down upon it like a trip-hammer; once made, the impression lasts, to be sure, for a long time; but this is an advantage which is more than counterbalanced by the fact that an Englishman never gets more than half a dozen vivid impressions during his whole life, so that his heart is, in the end, but little better than a blank scroll, and will hardly pay for the peeling.

An Irishman's heart, on the contrary, or a Frenchman's is very rich in impressions; every layer, way down to the core, is full of them; *his* heart, in the end, will be found to be like a volume of *Harper's Magazine*, every leaf of which is a picture of animated life. This is also true, to some extent of the American heart, which, like a well-prepared daguerreotype-plate, is always ready to receive any kind of an image, good or bad, and equally ready to have it rubbed off, or, according to the above theory, sunk out of sight, to make place for a new one.

Such is the case, at any rate, with my own heart—or, rather, such *was* the case once, for I fear me that at present it is little better for impressional, or any other than reservoir—purposes than a fossil. What I have now to say of it, therefore, refers to the past. To begin:

In the Summer of 1830, being then at the ripe age of five-and-twenty, I was living in Boston,* which I considered to be the only habitable city in the world, and which was, at any rate, the only city I had ever inhabited. If any one with whom I came in contact pretended to prefer New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, I took him at once to Faneuil Hall. If that didn't bring him to his senses, I conducted him (hurrying over Charlestown Bridge) to Bunker Hill; and that failing, I promenaded him round the Common, and buried his prejudices—I forget how many inches deep—in Frog Pond. Of course, if I had lived in any other city I should have been equally in love with that, which serves, at least, to show that I was not a true Bostonian. In fact, I have since been domiciled in some dozen different cities, each of which, for the time being, I believed to be as much superior to any other as "modern Athens," in the opinion of all Massachusetts men, is superior to what ancient Athens was, or what any other city, in the Old World or New, ever can or should be.

And what I thought of Boston I thought of Boston folks and Boston things. "Byles" himself is not more thoroughly Bostonian than I was. There were no streets like Boston streets; no merchants like Boston merchants (wasn't I one of them myself, and my father before me?); no ministers like Boston ministers; no horses like Boston horses; no mayors like Boston mayors; no cream-cakes like Boston cream-cakes; and—to come nearer to the point—no women like Boston women. In this last respect certainly, there could be no mistake. I was willing to give up the ministers, give up the horses, give up, if necessary, even the merchants and the cream-cakes, but sooner than give up the women, I would have given up the ghost.

I was living at a boarding-house, presided over by one Mrs. Whittles, supported (so far as she was not supported by her boarders) by two unmarried sisters—namely, Miss Olivia Whittles, or Miss Whittles proper, and Miss Mehitable Whittles—the former of whom might have been thirty-five, while the latter should have been twenty-five, but *was* (or the family Bible fibbed) exactly eighteen. My story commences with the day I first took my seat at the Whittles table; and I should say here, lest I forget it, that whoever took a regular seat at the Whittles table became at once a regular member of the Whittles family.

Mrs. Whittles, or Mother Whittles, as we used to call her, was a widow—

> "A beauty waning and distressed widow,
> In the afternoon of her best days."

Her husband had been absent from the present scene of things for about ten years; but the worthy defunct was always present in the spirit, for his portrait (unhappily not a speaking one) smiled upon us all from the dining-room wall, "the very picture," as his relict used to tell us, "of the best provider in the world—poor, poor Whittles, now cold in his grave!"—a speech usually followed by a long silence, and a murmuring round the table of the words, "Poor, poor Whittles!"

Aside from the weakness, always excusable in a forlorn widow, of constantly alluding to her detached half, Mother Whittles was a very exemplary and eminently maternal person. Her table might, indeed, have been more liberally supplied, but then her terms were moderate, and what we lacked in food we made up in fun. Moreover, none of us were ever troubled with dyspepsia. For myself, I naturally thought the house in all respects, a model establishment; I wouldn't for the world have changed anything in it. I took comfort even in the self-satisfied look of the great provider—who, by the way, I have since learned was a great consumer also, and did invariably provide "the very best the market afforded," promptly paying for the same—out of his wife's purse.

To Miss Olivia Whittles I didn't at first take. She talked a little too much (a weakness with old maids) about her dear minister, Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, but when I came to hear that worthy divine, I was converted at once to her opinion that he was "the gracefulest preacher in Boston;" and the next day hired a seat in the Whittles pew, which I occupied for over three weeks, and might have occupied much longer, only he "exchanged" one Sunday with Rev. Mr. Pike, whom I thought more unctuous, and to whom I listened till his pulpit was occupied for a fortnight by Rev. Dr. Perch, whom I then followed; after which, for similar reasons, I became a parishioner, first of Rev. Mr. Carp, then of Professor Haddock, and, finally (changing my sect as well as my minister), of Rev. Mr. Nightingale, under whom I sat, though he was rather a heavy man, till I left Boston to settle in New York, where I now attend the ministrations of the eloquent Dr. Hawks.

But to return to Miss Olivia. Having taken a seat in the Whittles pew, it became one of my religious duties to wait upon that church-going belle to and from service—a duty which I performed not exactly with alacrity (her gait being too slow for that), but with prompt and pious resignation. On our way *to* church, I was generally edified by the most precise instructions as to personal carriage and street etiquette. I must walk erect; I must not carry my hands in my pocket; I must turn my feet inside out; I must select clean and smooth crossings; I must not hurry; I must not tread on my lady's dress; I must keep my face out of her bonnet, and not press too close to her (precautions now haply unnecessary); I must not ogle other ladies, etc., etc. On our way *from* church, I was edified at still greater length by comments on the sermon, of which my lady always remembered the text and the heads; on its pointed application to her neighbors, one of whom was not far off; and on the personal appearance of the preacher, whose neck-tie was always faultless, whose handkerchief was always of the whitest, and whose gestures were always the perfection of grace. And I may here say that Miss Olivia thus laid me under everlasting obligations; for to know how to conduct one's self in the street, especially on Sunday, and to know the kind of conversation meet for the day, are as important to a man of the world as to know the etiquette of a ball-room, or the kind of gossip suited to an evening party; and but for Miss Olivia I might have remained in heathen darkness on these points to my dying day.

Miss Mehitable was of a different "persuasion" from the rest of the family, and went to a different church, presided over by my subsequent friend Nightingale; indeed, it was by her instigation and under her youthful auspices, that I myself became one of his flock. I may as well tell how.

One rainy Sunday, Miss Olivia having a new bonnet, and being in uncommonly low spirits (for what can be more depressing than a rainy Sunday?), decided to spend the day in her room, where she had an excellent portrait of Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, done in oil, and a splendid copy of his printed sermons, bound in red morocco, which would enable her—so she said—to "pass the hours as profitably as if she were in her accustomed place." Now the idea of going to church alone (and I should have mentioned before that the widow was generally escorted by a gallant bachelor by the name of Scraggs, who was an old friend of the departed Whittles, and always took the head of the pew) was to me insupportable. Miss Whittles remonstrated, and I was persisting, like a backward child, that I couldn't "go alone," when in came Mehitable, and insisted that I should go with her.

What! go to hear Mr. Nightingale! Why, Mr. Green, he is a Methodist!" exclaimed Olivia.

"Well, what of that?" said Mehitable; "so was mother once, and she changed only because she thought the Episcopal Church more fashionable."

"Wicked girl!" rejoined her sister, "to say such things. You are always abusing Mr. Sturgeon."

"Why, my dear sister, I didn't say a word about Mr. Sturgeon; in fact, I think him a very fine preacher; but Mr. Nightingale is as good any day, besides being younger and much better looking."

"What!" shrieked Olivia; "Mr. Nightingale better-looking than Mr. Stargeon! Well, I never—I—"

In fact, she nevered away for ten minutes at least, when Mehitable interrupted her in the middle of a sentence, and turning to me, said:

"Come along, Mr. Green. You *must* go with me, for I've got no umbrella, and I'm sure you wouldn't let me go alone in all this rain if I had; besides, it wont hurt anybody to go to our meeting once—that's certain."

What could I do! Of course I went, and, for the first time, gave Miss Mehitable my arm, and Mr. Nightingale my ear. How it rained and blew, and what difficulty I had in managing my umbrella, which jumped about as though it had the St. Vitus's dance, and turned itself inside out at least a dozen times! Olivia would have been frightened out of her skirts, but Mehitable enjoyed the fun of the thing, though she clung to me like a drowning woman to a log. Fortunately for all three of us (Mehitable, myself, and the umbrella), we had not far to go, and arrived without serious damage. There was little chance for conversation on the way, but enough was said for me to perceive that my companion was somewhat of a wag, and was observant far beyond her years.

"Look at that lady just in front of us," said she. "Do you suppose she would have come out such a windy day as this if she had not a pretty foot?"

"Do you judge others by yourself?" I replied, not daring to glance downward, but gazing steadily at the clouds.

"Of course I do," said she, "Catch *me* out such weather!"

Now, for a young girl of seventeen, I thought this was rather fast, so I sought to put a check upon her by remarking that if the heart was all right, it didn't matter much about the feet.

"Hearts, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Luckily for us all, *they* can't be seen. By the way, Mr. Green, do you believe all hearts are of the same size and shape? I don't. I'm sure my sister's heart is shaped like a pepper-box, and that mother's is as round as an orange. As for father's, dear good man, I don't believe it had any shape at all, but it was as big as a bee-head."

"And your own. What is that shaped like?" said I, pressing her arm.

"Oh, mine! Well, I have always had the idea that it was shaped (looking at me very hard) something like a fox-trap!"

By this time we were at the church steps, when Mehitable at once smoothed down her dress, shook the wrinkles out of her face, and, taking the lead, conducted me to her pew, where I was seated next to a demure little lady, from whom I could hardly keep my face during the whole service, though I heard every word of the sermon, which was from the singular text: "What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" (Solomon's Song, viii. 8.)

Service over, Mehitable shook hands with my demure pew-mate, whom she called Abby, and who addressed her as Hitty; and Abby having said to Hitty that she was "Very well, I thank you, how do you do?" and Hitty having made the same novel remark to Abby, and both Hitty and Abby having agreed that it rained terribly, but that, nevertheless, they were glad they came out, for Mr. Nightingale had never preached such an excellent sermon, the two friends continued chatting together for about ten minutes, at the end of which time Abby was introduced to me as Miss Pettigrew, who thought it very kind of me to wait upon Hitty to meeting, and hoped I liked their minister, and finally said to me that she had asked Hitty home to dinner with her (only two doors off), and wouldn't I join them? which I very gladly did.

Miss Pettigrew I found to be the most precise little personage I had ever seen. Everything about her appeared to be measured; she stepped with the regularity of a soldier, and spoke with the deliberation of a statesman. She was what might be called a well-balanced person. I verily believe that each of her eyebrows had exactly the same number of hairs as the other, and that, if one of her feet had been larger than the other, or one shoulder higher than the other (which is the case with most people), she would have had the dining-room pared down. Her hair, parted exactly in the middle, revealed a head of such even dimensions, and so devoid of "bumps," that it would have set Professor Feeler, or any other phrenologist, quite crazy. I looked to see if there was not some difference in the size of the eyes (not an uncommon phenomenon); but no, everything about her, even to the shape of the nostrils and the form and position of the teeth, was as orderly and regular as if she had been cast in a mould. And what was true of her person was equally true of her dress; every thing fitted (though it would have been impossible not to fit her) to a hair, and there was the same regular balance throughout. Her collar described a circle about her neck—which might have been turned in a lathe—as exact as if drawn by a geometrician; her bonnet, without any artful contrivance, preserved its position so perfectly that it seemed to be a part of her; her dress—hoops were not then in vogue—hung as evenly upon her as if she were one of the lay-figures one sees in the shop-windows; every ribbon was in its right place, every plait was the exact repetition of every other, and, in short, every thing about her was adjusted in the most perfect and painful order.

Mehitable, on the other hand, was one of the most irregular and disorderly persons in the world; so that, whatever the shape of her heart (if it had any regular shape), I doubt if it was ever in the same place two consecutive days. There was nothing regular about her but her irregularity, which was constant and unchangeable. This peculiarity extended even to her face. I don't believe her eyes were ever of the same color for more than five minutes at a time, and her other features, equally changeable, produced the effect of being scattered about promiscuously. In the matter of dress she was simply careless, though there was a certain natural elegance in the girl which gave something like grace even to her carelessness: or perhaps her sprightliness and wit diverted attention from it. However that may be, she never appeared untidy, and yet was always in disorder. Her hair, for example, always seemed to me to be left to regulate itself; sometimes it was parted on one side, sometimes on the other; then again, somewhere near the middle; but generally not at all. She always wore it short, to save her trouble, it being one of her favorite sayings that she might be a slave to her husband, if she had one, but never to her hair. But then it should be added that her locks were very curly and beautiful, and never looked so well as when they were left free; and who knows but she had some faint idea of that?

Imagine Hitty and Abby [illegible] table, and I sitting between them, [illegible] susceptible of men, between two [illegible] exactly opposite characters, and [illegible] off impressions upon my poor [illegible] pidity of one of Hoe's double-cy[illegible] And imagine, while you are abo[illegible] every moment becoming of the [illegible] one impressions previously [illegible] more powerful press, Olivia! [illegible] such was the plasticity, and [illegible] of my nature, that whether [illegible] to bear on me were young or old [illegible] (except, excluding, for example, Mrs. Whittles), she was sure to impress me as the best of her sex.

It is high time now for me to inform the reader that, being fully conscious of my peculiar weakness, and having no faith, therefore, that any impressions made upon me, by no matter whom or what, would remain for any length of time, I had resolved that, however much I might be affected for the moment by any young lady, I would on no account ask her to marry me; lest, peradventure, she should decline an answer (and what if it should be in the affirmative?) till the impression had gone, or—according to my onion theory—sunk out of sight?

Hitherto I had found no great difficulty in keeping this resolution, for, being like all susceptible persons, of an extremely bashful temperament, I had naturally kept my impressions to myself, and after a short time had utterly forgotten them. But now I felt as I had never felt before: I was in a state of singular embarrassment. Judge.

I found that the young lady who figured at the table as the least as well as the last of the Whittleses, was in reality the best and smartest of the family, and I could hardly fogive myself for not having made the discovery before. So vivid was the impression she made upon me as we were going to church, that I fell to asking myself if it might not be permanent, and if, after all, Mehitable might not be the one woman in the world foreordained from the beginning to impress me into her permanent marital service. For five minutes at least (and in certain states of the heart this is no inconsiderable period) I actually thought that such must be the case; but the moment I had seen Miss Pettigrew the whole face of things had changed, and I forthwith had to try the case of Abby *versus* Hitty; and this case was going on, and becoming, like the most approved law-cases, more and more complicated, when I found myself seated at the dinner-table plump between the unconscious parties.

Mehitable, on taking her seat, cast a look first at the dining-room wall, as if in search of the portrait of the late Provider, and then at the head of the table, as if in search of his inconsolable widow, and not seeing either of these "objects" (a favorite word with her), became at once the most lively of guests, and entertained the whole company with her wit. Abby, too, was witty enough in her quiet way, and I laughed (forgetting that it was Sunday, and that the risible muscles were entitled to rest) till I was retributively sore. The worst of it was, that having to turn now on one side when Hitty was speaking, then on the other when Abby had the floor, I was obliged, as it were, to laugh on both sides of my mouth; moreover, in my desperate efforts—when I myself was speaking—to look at them both, I was in serious danger of becoming squint-eyed for life.

Dinner over, we found we were too late for the afternoon service at church, and the young ladies having mysteriously disappeared, I spent an hour or two examining the state of my heart. It was evidently much affected by—somebody. In fact all the symptoms indicated that I was in love. But with whom? Hitty or Abby? In sober truth, I had not the least idea, but was certain it was with one of them. There was a gentleness, a sweet, winning grace about Abby, which was indeed irresistible; but wasn't this equally true of the cheerfulness, and the sparkling wit of Hitty? Had one of them affected me in her way more than the other in hers? I didn't know; all I knew was that my heart was thumping about in an unusual way about *something*, and it ought to have known what. But if it didn't, what was I to do about it? While reclining on the sofa in this perplexed state I heard a gentle step in the hall, and presently in came Hitty with an apology from Abby, who was occupied up stairs but would be down shortly. Behold now a fine chance for a *tête-à-tête*. So I invited Hitty to take a seat beside me, which she promptly did, and being now under her exclusive influence, I made exhaustive efforts to keep cool and deliberate. But suddenly she put all my wits to flight by asking me what I was so sober about all at once. Sober! Why I was never less sober in my life. I was drunk with excitement. However, I recovered after a while, and became, apparently at least, at ease; but I felt that her influence was gradually overpowering me, and soon forgot that there was any such being as Abby in existence. Meanwhile Hitty was full of her fun, and, rattling on about one thing and another, came after a while to Mr. Nightingale's sermon, and wanted to know if I didn't think it a droll one, and what I supposed he would do with *his* sister "in the day she should be spoken for," and what I would do under such trying circumstances; and, finally, whether I thought *she* would ever be spoken for? until at last I caved in altogether, told the dear girl she was "spoken for," and that, if I had my way, she should from that moment be my life, my hope, my love, and I don't know how much else. But conscious of my feelings, when, instead of expressing surprise at this sudden declaration, and at least asking time to consider, Hitty took it as the most natural thing in the world, and said that she had loved me from the first moment she saw me, and that she wasn't ashamed to say so; and oh! if I was only in earnest, should be the happiest of women, and, by-and-bye, the foringest little wife (here a kiss) which was ever heard of. Vows of sincerity, constancy, everlasting devotion, etc., were then interchanged, with the usual accompaniments, and we had already laid the foundations of several magnificent castles, when in came Abby, looking so fresh and happy, with all her primness, that when Hitty rose and embraced her (improving the opportunity to adjust her hair with a masterly stroke or two of the hand), I was really tempted to embrace her myself!

We were now invited to tea, and the invitation being accepted, Hitty retired to arrange her dress for the occasion, and I was left alone for an hour with Abby. And now what will the reader think when I avow that I hadn't been alone with her ten minutes before I was convinced that I had made a fatal mistake; that the girl I really loved was not Hitty but Abby; indeed, how could anybody hesitate for an instant (I now asked myself) between two such persons? Why, Abby was not only more staid, more sensible, more intelligent, but she was positively the best-looking, for though Hitty might be pretty—of course was pretty—Abby was positively handsome. Then again, Abby, if not the wittier, was certainly the shrewder and the more profound of the two, and had much more character. While making these comparisons, I was half distracted; I saw that I had committed a stupid blunder; that I had even mistaken my own feelings; that, in short, I was all the while in love, as I have said, not with Hitty but with Abby. Was ever mortal man in such a dilemma; and what possible means were there of getting honorably out of it?

Abby, observing my embarrassment, and evidently attributing it to bashfulness, did her best to relieve and entertain me, by discoursing in her own sweet way about the weather, about Miss Whittles, about Miss Somebody's new book, and whatever else came up. How dull I must have seemed to her with my monotonous responses of "Yes" and "No," varied only by now and then an exclamatory "Indeed!" and a stupid "You don't say so!" Having exhausted every other topic, she at last, like Hitty, had recourse to that unlucky sermon! Didn't I think Mr. Nightingale had selected a singular text? What could have put it into his head? Didn't he probably have somebody in his eye (little Miss Mote, for instance, or the pretty Miss Beam?), etc., etc. This led to various remarks of a more or less personal nature, till at last out came the startling question:

"Tell me, Mr. Green, don't you think it strange that so pretty a girl as Hitty should not yet have been 'spoken for;' why don't *you* speak for her?"

"Who, *me*?" I stammered out, "Do you mean me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Green, why not? You look admirably well together; I couldn't help remarking it as we were coming from church. Excuse me for saying it on so short an acquaintance, but Hitty, who is such a sprightly, cheerful girl, is exactly suited to be the companion of such a sober, sedate person as yourself. Don't you think so?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Pettigrew, if I had my way—"

"But don't you think you *can* have your way? I do. I think Hitty likes you very much, and I am sure from what she told me of you this morning, and from what I myself can judge, even after seeing you but once, that she would never find a better husband."

This was charming. Why, thought I, the girl is half in love with me herself. So I began to question her judgment in respect to character, merely for the luxury of hearing her go on in the same strain, which she did for a long time, till I found out that I had impressed her as being one of the most attractive men in the world, and especially one of the most strong-minded and constant.

Now then, said I, if so prim a person as Miss Abigail Pettigrew finds it all right to make love to me in this roundabout way (for, silly fellow, I really believed she was making love to me), why, what harm can there be in my making love to her? After all, I don't think I made a very positive engagement with Hitty, and even if I did, it was while in a state of mental hallucination which freed me from all responsibility!

So what do I do but return Miss Pettigrew's compliments as skillfully as I can, and finally tell her right out that the first instant I saw her I was in love with her (which was true, though I forgot it a moment afterward); that I had accepted her invitation to dinner only to have the delight of gazing on her angelic countenance—as if anybody's countenance were angelic at dinner; that though I had never seen her before I knew she must be the loveliest of her sex; and that, therefore, I then and there offered her my heart, my hand—

At this point I fell on my knees before her (having learned from novels that that was the proper thing), and was ready to proceed to other extremities—to stand upon my head, in fact, if it should be necessary—when, happening to look in the glass, whom should I see standing in the door-way, pale and motionless as a statue, but Hitty!

What I did next I have not the slightest idea. Only I remember that that evening I found myself rushing furiously about my room at the Whittleses, calling myself such names as it would hardly have been safe for any other person (unless it were Hitty or Abby) to address me by, and throwing my coats, boots, and other valuables pell-mell into a huge chest, with the desperation of a house-breaker. While thus engaged, I heard some one knocking at my room door; not daring to answer, I tip-toed across the room, and was peeping through the keyhole to see who was there, when suddenly a long slip of paper was forced through, and came near putting out my right eye. It was a brief note, without signature (I remember thinking it was in the handwriting of Miss Whittles proper), and to the effect that, after my shameful conduct that afternoon, I would, of course, never present myself again at the Whittles table, or speak to any member of the Whittles family, or remain another day in the Whittles house.

What else could I have expected, and what could I do but be off with myself at once? And, in fact, during the small hours of that very night, I bade a final adieu to the premises, though not without taking a last look at the portrait of "poor, poor Whittles, now (luckily) cold in his grave."—*Harper's Monthly.*

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* So named probably, on account of its being the last town of the world.

— In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1770, are found the Rules of a Club, such as might be established with profit, perhaps, at the present day, composed of ladies and gentlemen. It was called "*La Coterie.*" The leading rules were:—

That the ladies shall ballot for men and men for ladies.

That no man shall be balloted for but by at least eight ladies present.

That no lady shall be balloted for but by at least twelve men present.

That one black ball shall exclude a man unless sixteen or more ladies shall be present, and, in that case, two; and if twenty-four, three; and so on in proportion.

That one black ball shall exclude a lady unless twenty-four or more men shall be present, and, in that case, two; or, if thirty-six, three; and so on in proportion.

That upon any lady becoming a member, her husband shall become a member of course.

That all unmarried daughters of ladies who are members shall be allowed to come without ballot and without subscription.

That dinner be upon table at half after 4 o'clock exactly, and that every member present pays 8*s.*, exclusive of the wine, which the men are to pay.

That supper be upon table at eleven o'clock exactly, and that every member present shall pay —— shillings, exclusive of the wine, which the men are to pay.

Every party to buy their own cards, and no supper to be allowed in the card room.

Among the original members were Mr. Selwyn, Charles Fox, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke of Devonshire, Lords John and George Cavendish, Lord and Lady Melbourne, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lady Carlisle, Lady Mary Fox, Lady Charles Spencer, Lord and Lady Sondes, Lady Jane Scott, Lady Louisa Manners, Lady Charles Ponsonby, Lord March, Lord Besborough, Lord Harrington, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Bouverie, Miss Courtenay, Mr. and Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Brudenell, Mr. Hare, Mr. Horace Walpole, Lord and Lady Thanet, Monsieur and Madame de Mazarin, Monsieur and Madame du Chatelet, &c., &c.

BOOK-MAKING IN AMERICA.

It is somewhat alarming to know that the number of houses now actually engaged in the publishing of books, not including periodicals, amounts to *more than three hundred*. About three-fourths of these are engaged in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the balance being divided between Cincinnati, Buffalo, Auburn, Albany, Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis, and a few other places. There are more than *three thousand booksellers* who dispense the publications of these three hundred, besides six or seven thousand apothecaries, grocers, and hardware dealers, who connect literature with drugs, molasses, and nails.

The best printing in America is probably now done in Cambridge; the best cloth-binding in Boston, and the best calf and morocco in New York and Philadelphia. In these two latter styles we are, as yet, a long distance from Hayday, the pride of London. His finish is supreme. There is nothing between it and perfection.

Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes 750 paper mills with 2000 engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about $27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 400,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelvemonth's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labor and rags, is computed at $4,000,000.

Some idea of the stock required to launch a popular work may be gathered from Messrs. Longman's Ledger. These gentlemen report that when 25,000 copies of Mr. Macaulay's two recent volumes went flying all abroad from Paternoster Row, no less than 5,000 reams of paper, 6 tons pasteboard, and 7,000 yards of calico were swallowed up.

Most of the large publishing houses now stereotype everything they intend to print. The electrotyping process is largely employed, and an experiment is now being made in Boston, of which we shall hear more at some future day, which, if successful, will decrease the expense of stereotyping about one-third. We have lately heard that a machine is in use in New York for type-setting, and that the second volume of Mr. Irving's *Life of Washington* was prepared for the press by its aid.

Four hundred years ago, a single book of gossiping fiction was sold before the palace-gate in the French capital for fifteen hundred dollars. The same amount of matter contained in this expensive volume, Mr. Harper now supplies for twenty-five cents. Costly books, however, are not yet out of fashion, for we are all glad to know that seventeen hundred subscribers have already been obtained for Professor Agassiz's splendid new enterprise.

The Harper establishment, the largest of our publishing houses, covers half an acre of ground. If old Mr. Caxton, who printed those stories of the Trojan war so long ago, could follow the ex-Mayor of New York in one of his morning rounds in Franklin square, he would be, to say the least, a little surprised. He would see in one room the floor loaded with a weight of 150 tons of presses. The electrotyping process would puzzle him somewhat; the drying and pressing process would startle him; the bustle would make his head ache; and the stock-room would quite finish him.

An edition of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* alone consists of 160,000 copies. Few persons have any idea how large a number this is as applied to the edition of a book. It is computed that if these magazines were to rain down, and one man should attempt to pick them up, like chips, it would take him a fortnight to pick up the copies of one single number, supposing him to pick up one every three seconds, and to work ten hours a day.

The rapidity with which books are now manufactured is almost incredible. A complete copy of one of Bulwer's novels, published across the water in three volumes, and reproduced here in one, was swept through the press in New York in fifty hours, and offered for sale smoking hot in the streets. The fabulous edifice proposed by a Yankee from Vermont no longer seems an impossibility. "Build the establishment according to my plan," said he: "drive a sheep in at one end, and he shall immediately come out at the other four quarters of lamb, a felt hat, a leather apron, and a quarto Bible."

About one book in one hundred only is a success. When Campbell, at a literary festival, toasted Bonaparte as a friend of literature, because he once had a bookseller shot, he was a trifle too rough on the trade. It is impossible always for a publisher to decide rightly. All publishers are naturally shy of a new MS. of poetry, for instance, for they know by experience that the deadest of all dead books is a dead volume of verse. The sepulchre of deceased poetry in Mr. Burnham's churchyard of old books, in Cornhill, is the largest bin in his establishment.

Some of the best books, which have afterwards had the largest sales, have been in manuscript, the most widely rejected. The novel of "*Jane Eyre*," was turned away from the publishing doors of almost every respectable house in London, and was pulled, by accident, out of a publisher's iron safe, where it had begun to grow mouldy, by the daughter of the bookseller, who had himself forgotten it. "*Esthen*" was carried by its author, Mr. Kinglake, to twenty different houses, till at last, in a fit of despair, he gave the copyright away to an obscure bookseller, paying the expenses of publication out of his own pocket.

Mr. Thackeray's "*Vanity Fair*," was rejected by Mr. Colburn, for whose magazine it was written, that astute gentleman complaining that there was no interest in it. A New York publisher fought the writer of a new popular book from Spring to Autumn, and at length gave in from sheer inability to escape importunity longer. After it was stereotyped, and before it was printed, he offered every inducement to persuade a brother bookseller to take it off his hands, but without success. In despair he at last published it himself, and the sale went up to 20,000 in one season.—*Boston Transcript.*

— Mr. John Wood has been awarded by the Baptist Dissenters of Liverpool the prize of £100 for his picture of "The Baptism of Christ."